GREEN BOOK

1945

THE GREEN BOOK

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EASTERN NAZARENE COLLEGE

Foreword

As we look back over our first year at E. N. C.--a swiftly passing year; a year of war; a year of many bewildering changes on the campus, in our nation, and in the world;--we are seized with mixed emotions. But above all the difficulties and confusion we seem to be rising, as a huge plane taking off into a flight that will ultimately carry us around the world.....and to victory and peace.

In this book we have presented themes that will give a bird's-eye view of our emotions and reactions: themes about our work, our play, our worship; themes about other countries, the war, and the post-war world.

Dedication

Because we admire his keen sense of humor and his ready understanding of the problems of youth; because we deeply appreciate his faithfulness in preaching the undivided Word of Truth and his sincere efforts to help each one of us develop a truly Christian character;--and now, because we have faith and confidence in his leadership ability as our new E. N. C. president,--we, the Freshman Class of 1945, dedicate this book to our teacher, pastor, and friend--our Sky Pilot--Reverend Samuel Young.

Our Crew

NAVIGATOR

Professor Spangenberg

PILOTS

Mary Sumner - Editor-in-Chief
Esther Colby - Assistant Editor

FLIGHT ENGINEERS

Robert Jones
Betty Hansrote - Business Managers

STEWARDESSES

Norma Feiten
Lucille Deans - Literary Editors

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Robert Jones - Artists

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Cuba Roberts - Typists

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Dale Galbraith - Humor Editors

Betty Stone
Irene VanDresser - Feature Editors

Marion Turkington
Roy Carnahan - Photographers

May Cornell
Charles Muxworthy - Sports Editors

Laura Jane Boyd
Violet Balwit - College Life Editors

Flight Plan

Editorial

Our world today is one of rapid changes. Since we came last September we have had to adjust our thinking to several changes on the campus. Our E. N. C. president, Dr. G. B. Williamson, and two of our professors, Dr. Ralph Earle and Dr. Albert Harper, have been called to other fields of service, and new faculty members have been chosen to take their places. Thus we were shaken from the comfortable feeling of complacency to which we had adapted ourselves.

The recent, untimely death of our Chief Executive, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, on April 12, has made us conscious of nation-wide changes. President Roosevelt was a world citizen. Never again can we go back to a state of isolation as a nation, or unconcern for the welfare of other countries, and of disinterest in the well-being of all mankind. Through his diplomacy we have become the central figure in world affairs.

This is an air age--an age of speed in communication and travel. By the use of powerful bombers and transports in the war it is raging on practically every continent. By means of air travel we are now just sixty hours from any point on the globe. Our world is shrinking. Letters from men in the service have made us interested in the most remote corners of the globe. Places that were once obscure are now on everyone's lips.

Yes, the world is changing. We are changing. Yet we realize that this period of transition is leading us to a wider horizon of re-

sponsibility and opportunity. We have faith that the clouds of confusion and bewilderment and distrust are not permanent, but that we will rise above them all to emerge useful, helpful world citizens.

In view of the many changes we are now undergoing, and the confidence and faith we have in our ability to keep abreast of them, to overcome them, and finally with God's help to arrive victoriously at our goal, we have chosen as a symbol a mythical flight from the new, improved E. N. C. airport around the world in the mighty four-motored plane THE GREENLINE. It is a worthy ship, equipped with the engines of Knowledge, Faith, Industry, and Hope.

Mary M. Sumner


ENC AIRPORT
1945
1945
The Greenline
ENC

E. N. C. has been our ground school. Here we have learned to work, to play, to live. From here we "take off" for ports unknown.

Martyr to Science

The laboratory is ready. Angular black desks efficiently display trim scissors, shining scalpels, and sliver-like pins lying side by side on pink blotters.

The bell rings. Here they come, unpredictable freshmen, puffing like Stanley steamers from their scramble up three flights of stairs. They glance around the room, sniff questioningly, and take their places.

On each desk a stiff, cold bullfrog, martyr to science, lies ready for dissection.

"First, take your scissors and snip down the ventral side....." boom instructions from the front of the room.

Gingerly, with pounding heart and trembling hand, Mary reaches for the instrument. She falters. Can she go through with it? What is that peculiar odor? Why------she has never touched a frog in her whole life----that is, not a dead one----not a giant dead one like this gruesome creature. What is that odor? How warm it is becoming------little beads of perspiration pop up on her flushed face----she must begin to snip. "This is only Zoology Lab," she sternly tells herself. Her hands--how wet they are. How her eyes burn. "Careful now, not too deep....."

With keen anticipation Bob looks at his frog, at his scissors, at his scalpel. The steady hand with slender, gentle fingers chooses the scissors, skillfully makes the delicate incision and with cool precision neatly pins back the flap of skin.

As minutes pass, the air is filled with excitement---with awe and wonderment---with fear and trembling.

Some are poking disinterestedly at their frogs, some are trying to keep as close as they can to the open window, and others are intently scrutinizing their specimens.

What are those unearthly sounds? They're just the external evidence of an earnestness to reproduce, with at least some similarity, the afternoon's findings onto notebook plates.

The excitement dies down as the adventure draws to a close. Frogs are put away-----reluctantly and not so reluctantly-----drawings are efficiently checked by assistants with rather wry smiles, and scissors, scalpels and sliver-like pins are set in readiness for the next session.

Laura Jane Boyd

The Package Situation

"Are the packages in?" These are the passwords of students coming from the fourth period and going to the fifth. The Parcel Post department of the United States Post Office is kept active in its daily trip to the Administration Building of Eastern Nazarene College and we couldn't do without it. Very few students go down the steps and past the wellknown spot without taking a look to see if by some terrible mistake they had forgotten to take their package.

Usually during the fourth period the United States mail truck backs up by the side door of the building. After striving over the packages in the truck, the mailman, loaded with packages of all shapes and sizes, trots wearily to the door. Some student who is fortunate to have a free period at that time greets the mailman and relieves him of some of his load. When the mailman says overwhelmingly, "That's everything," hands can be seen picking up, turning over, reading, and disappointedly laying down the package which the eager student has found out by now is not the package he is waiting for. "This one is for Miss ---, not mine, Miss --- no, Mrs. ---. Oh, gee, I guess mine isn't here yet!" "Any for me?" yells someone at the other end of the hall. "There'd better be." To his surprise there is a package for him. With beaming eyes he picks it up, turns it over, and after finding out who sent it, he usually lets out with, "God bless her heart," or "It's about time," or "Come up to my room tonight and we'll have a feast." That is, if he is a kind old soul.

There is nothing worse than knowing that a package is on the way and, as usual, expecting it before it has hardly had time to leave the

sender's town. One makes his usual trip down to the ground floor to see if maybe his package had taken wings and could have gotten here sooner than usual. With this attitude comes disappointment every time. There is no use making that trip without first giving the package a chance to arrive. It is a waste of time. I should know! But no matter how many trips a student makes, he is more content to know that he has seen for himself that there aren't any for him. At least he can see who has received one and make it his business to look him up. The Army says, "Keep the Caissons Rolling." We say, "Keep the packages coming."

Anna Trimbath

We Go To Press

After having read my first contribution to the college newspaper last September, one of the sophomore editors asked, "Would you like to write an article for every issue?" How she decided to choose me is still a mystery, unless----as has happened to me before----I was the only one who submitted anything. It is a humbling experience.

At any rate, the only possible answer to her question was, "Why, yes! I'd love to." Had I foreseen into what difficulties this consent would lead me, I never would have given it. Life would be much easier for everyone concerned if I had not. I sigh as I recall my happy E. N. C. days (Before Campus Camera), but I have put my hand to the plough.

The process of writing an article follows the same pattern each time. Every other Friday I receive a small assignment slip telling me exactly what is wanted, to be in by the following Tuesday noon. This seems simple enough on the surface, but it is really extremely difficult to carry out. One reason is that the slip usually calls for a composition of six or seven hundred words, and after all these months of rhetoric, my mind balks at anything over five hundred. Another reason is that the assignments are always "Interview the professors." My poor, timid soul quakes at the bare idea of accosting these Beings. I have suffered nameless agonies of mind before getting up courage enough to so so. "Silly!" scoffs my roommate. "They won't bite you." This does not embolden me, however, for I'm not at all sure that they won't;—and besides, she doesn't write for the Camera. I regret to state that once I spent seventeen

minutes talking firmly to myself; finally I knocked briskly at that door, but when told to come in, my courage deserted me and I fled.

I lie awake two or three nights worrying about it. By Tuesday morning I have scraped together perhaps three hundred words. I dodge guiltily around campus, but my editor corners me at last in the dining hall.

"Have you handed that article in yet?" she asks with mock cheerfulness.

"Not quite," I respond just as cheerfully, if a little accurately.

"By tonight, then," in a tone which brooks no denial. (Her editor is after her, too.)

I sigh heavily, because I feel so sorry for her, and because I am ashamed of myself. It is dreadful to be as lazy and procrastinating as I am. Stricken by remorse, I hurry over to the Administration Building to rout out yet another professor.

The next morning on the way to rhetoric class, I deposit an article (totaling three hundred twenty-four words) in the little box neatly labeled "Campus Camera."

Norma Feiten

Campus Enemy No I

Campus Enemy Number One is constantly on my trail, and, as usual, he caught up with me again today. Try as I will, I cannot seem to dodge his crafty maneuverings. At least once during each day you are sure to find me in the Dugout squandering my hard-earned cash on one of Mrs. Naylor's famous egg sandwiches or on some coffee and doughnuts--that is, if I'm lucky enough to get there before the doughnuts are all gone.

"Dugoutitus," the technical name for Campus Enemy Number One, may be caused by any one of a countless number of subtle germs. They thrive exceedingly well wherever there is an empty stomach or a disappointed soul who didn't receive the package that he was expecting from home. Habitual failure to arise in time for breakfast is certain to lead to an utterly hopeless case of this common malady.

Dugoutitus is very infectious and may even be caught simply by coming within ten feet of one of its victims.

"Come on, Jan, we've ten minutes before time for New Testament. Let's go to the Dugout. I haven't had any breakfast, and I'm starved!"

I have always prided myself on my strong resistance. I answer, "Well, O.K. I'll go with you, but I don't want anything. I just had a big breakfast of orange juice, cereal, and coffee and doughnuts about an hour ago."

Upon reaching the Dugout, Betty orders fruit juice and an egg sandwich or, if we're in a hurry, chocolate milk and "Devil Dogs." My resistance vanishes. "Make it two, Mrs. Naylor," I say. The words are

out of my mouth almost without my realizing it.

Because it is a dangerous, habit-forming disease, Dugoutitus, once it has a start on a person, is almost incurable. Very few people have ever been able to rid themselves of it--at least not without some serious after-effects. It is a parasite, robbing its victims of shoes, postage stamps and other necessities of life. Needless to say, it also affects a student's scholastic standing. How easy it is to convince ourselves that a "pause for refreshments" is necessary before we can finish that rhetoric theme or history report. And alas, how easy it is, in doing so, to spend our last cent, waste the entire evening, and finally go to bed with such a guilty conscience that we can scarcely endure sleeping with ourselves!

There are two possible sources of relief from Dugoutitus which I would like to suggest. The easier is to write home for more money. Now at first this may not seem easy, but of course you can always "smooth it over" by saying that everything you buy up here is terribly expensive and that you are simply desperate. At least you are desperate. No doubt about that. If this method does not do the trick,--I know from experience that it often doesn't--I can offer you the only alternative. You will simply have to starve.

Esther Colby

Behind Bars

"Will you please give me change so that I can make a call? Just so that I have one nickel." One again I am called to the cashier's window of E. N. C.'s Business Office. This question rings in my ears time and time again, but it is only one of the many requests that keep the office force contented. Our work never becomes monotonous.

"Hey, anybody here? I need a meal ticket." I leave my typing and hurry to the window. There she is again with her big blue eyes smiling in at me through the bars, her face flushed and hair unruly. She doesn't explain that she couldn't get her lunch without a ticket. She doesn't have to.

"But, you were given a third ticket just last week, and....."

"Yeah, I know, but I lost it and I've hunted everywhere. Honest. And it was almost in half anyway," she replies before I have a chance to complete my statement.

There is nothing else to do but write out another which she grabs eagerly and carries off before anything more is said to her.

The continual buzz of the switchboard dismisses the girl from my mind.

"Good morning; Nazarene College. Whom did you say? Campus Camera editor? Just one moment, please."

By this time there are two more problems at the window, but I make them wait as I fumble through class schedules.

"Hello, I'm sorry, but he has a class at present. May I take a message? Yes. All right. Oh, you're welcome."

I turn back to see what the boys want, to find that one has left. Couldn't wait, I guess. Too bad, but I can't seem to keep up with the hurried lives of many of these students.

"And now, what can I do for you?"

"Isn't Prof. Mann in?" he asks. He seems very disturbed about something.

"Why, no, I'm sorry," I answer.

"Will he be back this afternoon?"

"Not today. Is it something important?"

"Well-l, yes, quite important!" he replies slowly with determined emphasis on the quite.

"Perhaps I can do something to help," I say questioningly with more of a curiosity to know what's up than a surety that I can be of assistance to him.

"Wel-l-l-l, we've got too many playful, white streaked 'kitties' over under the Cardboard, and something's got to be done about them!"

He looks so serious that I don't want to express my amusement; however, as I burst out in laughter he good-naturedly joins me; but it really isn't funny and I feel sorry for the fellows. No, there is nothing I can do except to advise him to see Prof. Mann tomorrow.

I must get some letters typed. I concentrate on my work for five minutes or more, then suddenly realize someone is on the other side of the bars. He's too polite to call. He whistles a little tune to get my attention.

"Oh, hello there, Paul. What's on your mind?"

"I'm just fine today, and there's a lot on my mind. But the important thing for now is to know whether you will have the mail carrier

take these government records to the post office for me. Would you please?"

"I certainly will," I answer as I take the black metal case from his hands.

"Thank you, that's all today," he remarks in his cheerful, quick manner, and away he goes to the many tasks which he masters so skillfully.

In addition to these queries, there are receipts to make out, statements to check which the bearers know "just can't be right," ration books to hunt up, students to locate, and any number of things to keep us busy and happy. If you have a problem that's perplexing you, if you want to know who's who and what's what, come to the business office, to the little barred window, and I'm sure we'll be able to help you with your difficulty.

Viola Eshleman

Noises In The Dorm

Concentration is impossible in Munro Hall during study hours. As I sit here at my desk, trying to read in French, I get no meaning from my translation. The noises about me distract my attention.

The room has been cold. Suddenly the radiator begins to pop, as the heat flows in. There seems to be a definite rhythm for a song written in "two-four" time.

This fancy is interrupted by the scraping of furniture in the room overhead. Chills play up and down my spine. I imagine the dentist drilling my tooth. The scraping sounds make me shudder.

Dentists and music fade into the distance as a squeaking sound comes from outside my door. It is only a student parading the length of the hall in a pair of straw slippers. The straw squeaks and the heals flip-flop as she scuffs along.

In a few moments I hear a thump. That is only the lady's way of knocking on her friend's door. A deep voice asks, "Who's there?" "Me!" shrieks the visitor in a high shrill voice. A door slams. All squeaks, scuffs, and dramas cease for a few moments.

The unusual quietness lasted for a period of seconds only. My next-door neighbor discovers a bare spot on the wall. A picture must be put up. I hear several bangs, and then a few moans. It's nothing serious. She hit the wrong nail. She then decides the picture is in the wrong place. She takes it down, and moves it over about an inch. She proceeds to bang again for several long minutes.

Placing the picture has been very strenuous work, and calls for a period of relaxation. Maybe there's a program on the radio that might supply this need. Soon the strains of a banjo blast away so that everyone on third floor can hear the program too. Evidently she likes to share everything.

The program finally comes to an end. It is now time for a student to do some washing. The water swishes into the bowl. Carelessly someone knocks a glass into the water. It splashed onto talkative bystanders, causing two or three screams, and a debate on the question, "Who got the water sprayed on her?"

This pageant is interrupted by the bell. It is now ten o'clock. The dorm becomes strangely quiet for about three quarters of an hour. Then the noise begins again. Even after eleven o'clock, one will hear hinges squeaking, voices mumbling in a monotone, and bathroom doors slamming. Who said life in a dorm is dull?

Myrtle Mason

PARACHUTE

Every Wednesday "Prof Span" is swamped with themes--a hundred of them--to be corrected. Here are a few miscellaneous ones typical of the varied interests of the rhetoric students.

Home

It would be well worth a fortune to me to be able to go back and experience some of the happenings of my childhood days. To sit around the table with the other twelve members of the family and enjoy the delicious results of mother's own recipes, to circle around the piano and sing the old hymns with exuberance, to wait my turn to take a bath, especially on Saturday night, and to mistake my brother's clothing for my own, of course accidentally, are precious memories that I once enjoyed. Mother always said that she could never hide anything good to eat from Harold because he would find it without looking very hard. During the summer when my two brothers and I would be away for three or four weeks at a time singing in revival meetings, we could hardly wait to get home. And no matter what time of the night or day we arrived home, the first place we visited was the refrigerator and the kitchen cabinet. Even now when I go home, which is very seldom, my attraction is the same.

There was something always happening at our house and there was never a dull moment. The old familiar sounds of home still ring in my ears. Mom, where's my socks? Mom, where's my shirt? Mom, did you sew the button on my coat? Mom, get something to eat for me, I'm in a hurry. Mom, did you ask Dad if I could have the car? Mom, Mom, Mom--- poor Mom. You'd think Mom would go out of her mind hearing her name mentioned all the time, but she was used to it. I always enjoyed sitting at home in the evening with mother and keeping her company when

everybody else had gone away. If I would have some extra change, I would go to the corner store and buy some ice cream and pretzels. How she would enjoy them.

I thank God for the privilege of being reared in a Christian home. It was the family altar and its influence that I credit with keeping me from the sins of the world. I was afraid to do anything wrong because when it came time for me to pray in family worship, I wanted to be able to do so. This was the spiritual thermometer of our home. When I see how worldly homes are conducted and notice the results of living without God, I am all the more thankful for the privilege afforded me.

A good home is something to be very thankful for, but we don't always realize it. My brother-in-law who is now in General Patton's Army wrote to his mother and told her he never realized what a wonderful home he had. He said that when he comes home he will make up for what he failed to do when he was home. My nephew in the Navy, now somewhere in the South Pacific, wrote home to my sister and confessed that he had taken home too much for granted and never realized the value of a good home. Many of our young soldier boys are anticipating their return home to prove that their attitude toward home has changed.

Yes, home is more than just a place of abode. We can buy the best house available, but that will not guarantee a good home. It's what we put into the home that determines what we will get out of the home. Though we marry and have families of our own, our conception of home remains the same. Years only will tend to reveal the greatness and blessedness of home.

Harold Parry

Yesterday - Today - Forever

"We live in a changing world" is an expression we hear often. Truly many things in our world have undergone a complete metamorphosis since Adam and Eve were expelled from the Garden. But people have remained essentially the same. And, after all, do not people make a world?

Man has progressed from living in caves, trees, tents, mud houses, and log cabins to cozy, electrically-equipped, comfortably-furnished homes. Has the man himself kept pace with his house of charm and convenience? He still needs shelter and protection from the ravaging elements.

Clothes have evolved from the crude skins of animals and from ill-fitting garments made of homespun materials to chic, trim suits and dresses manufactured from chemicals. However, man must still safeguard his health by means of raiment.

Once man's meager fare consisted of whatever fish or game he could catch each day and of the fruits and vegetables he raised on his own plot of ground. Today breakfast, our simplest meal, may include pineapple juice from the South Sea Islands, cereal from China, coffee from Brazil, cream from Maine, sugar from Puerto Rico, and butter churned in Iowa, spread on toast made from wheat grown in the Middle West. And yet man must have three meals each day; he hasn't discovered a more satisfactory means of gaining nourishment.

Balsam branches and pallets of dried leaves have been replaced by snowy percale sheets, Beauty-Rest mattresses, and machine-manufactured beds, but eight hours of sleep are still a prerequisite for good health.

Our world of today is a much smaller sphere than the world of our primitive fathers. Radios, planes, and ships have reduced today's neighborhood boundaries. The Fiji Islander is our neighbor. But has man learned how to live with others of his kind? The herdsmen of Abraham and Lot quarreled over their masters' possessions; feudal lords were continually at war; today great nations rain destruction upon each other.

Are young people more wicked than they ever have been? The very first child killed his brother. Are there sins more vile than those of the antediluvian world? Are not the wicked practices of the Crusaders of the Middle Ages comparable to those of Hitler's master race? Throughout the centuries God has maintained a straight, middle-of-the road course as His path for Christians, and He has always had a group of followers who were willing to take that way. The Bible is just as appropriate for spiritual guidance today as when it was first written.

Despite the material achievements of man, humanity has not changed one bit. All the talk about a changing world is folly. Conditions will not improve until Christ comes and destroys the evil in men's hearts.

Mary M. Sumner

My Trip Around the World

It was two summers ago, one very hot evening, that we decided to have Dr. Mendell Taylor and his wife, professors from Bethany-Peniel College, up for dinner. They were spending the summer in Washington while Dr. Taylor was doing research work in the Library of Congress. We five girls did a lot of entertaining in our apartment those days, but for such an occasion as this we found it quite necessary to dust a little more thoroughly and shop a little more extravagantly. As I recall, we served chicken that night.

Our apartment life was systematically arranged, each of us having a specific job to do every week. We had a list of rules and regulations--more often broken than obeyed--which were tacked up on the cabinet in the kitchen. When the Taylors arrived, they roamed from one room to another, gaping at our fixtures. In the kitchen the fatal thing happened! Dr. Taylor noticed our list of rules. The rule that said, "Each one inviting a guest for dinner must pay an extra quarter to the house fund," didn't slip his eye. All during the meal we heard, "This is a pretty good meal for a quarter. Why don't we come here more often? Best meal I've had for the price since I came to Washington."

Somehow, through all of the confusion that simple little list of rules stirred up, Mrs. Taylor got an idea. She writes articles for the Young People's Journal of the Nazarene Church. Like most writers, she was watching for topics for future articles. She requested that we show her our minutes of the meetings of the household which one of the girls had

cleverly written up. This apartment life for government girls seemed to have fascinated our guest. Finally, she told us her plan. She would write an article for the journal and we were to have pictures taken of us in action in the apartment as an illustration. It sounded exciting, but we were doubtful that the plan would ever work out. After much fuss and fun our company left, but the more we thought of it, the more thrilling the plan became.

Things moved very slowly for our publicity from then until October when at last we had our pictures taken in the apartment. We invited in a few friends who gathered around the piano with us for one pose. Other scenes pictured us five at dinner, counting our money for the rent, doing dishes, and having our devotions together.

The pictures, when developed, were sent to our publicity chairman, Mrs. Taylor. Eagerly we awaited the publication of our issue of the journal. In February we appeared! Orders for that issue reached the top in Washington. First Church demanded more--more! You see, we had to send copies to all our aunts, uncles, and cousins. The write-up was entitled "Cooperation in Washington," and appeared in the center on the back cover of the magazine with the pictures around it. At last we had crashed the news! And we went all around the world in the February, 1943, issue of the Nazarene Young People's Journal.

Doris Longford

The Old North Church

Everyone has heard of the old North Church and its steeple in which Paul Revere hung his famous lanterns to warn the people of the coming of the British troops. I have read about this significant event many times from my childhood up to the present time, and the words, "Listen, my children, and you shall hear, Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere," are not at all new to me. However, a few months ago I didn't even dream that I would ever see North Church with my own eyes and climb the same steeple steps that Paul Revere had climbed nearly two centuries ago.

On one of the days between semesters, I went with the freshman class on an historical trip to Boston. Although we visited several places having an interesting background, the old North Church fascinated me most.

We hardly realized we were nearing the church, when it suddenly appeared in front of us. It is completely surrounded by old brick buildings and appears to be out of place. Upon entering the church we were greeted by a friendly guide whose enthusiasm for the church was so great that we scarcely had a chance to say a word all the time we were there.

Next to the vestibule on the first floor there is a small room containing several interesting relics. Here we saw the "vinegar Bible" and reproductions of the lanterns used by Paul Revere. The "vinegar" Bible is so-called because the person who copied it made a mistake and wrote of the parable of the "vinegar" instead of the vineyard.

We ambled through the aisles, each one choosing the pew he

thought was most comfortable. I preferred the pew which formerly belonged to Paul Revere's son because from it one could get the best view of the minister. I can't understand how people kept from going to sleep in this church, because each pew is amply supplied with footstools, cushions, and footwarmers.

After we had seen everything of interest on the first floor, our guide invited us to climb the stairs leading to the steeple. We gladly took advantage of the opportunity, not realizing then what we were getting into. (The guide must have known, for he didn't go up with us.) The stairs were winding and narrow, and we frequently had to duck our heads to keep from bumping them against the rafters. When we had gone about three-fourths of the way, we paused for a few moments to look at the three bells hanging in the steeple. I understand that the largest one weighs approximately two tons.

Upon reaching the top, we took turns sitting on the only bench and in signing our names to the already well-autographed walls. After recovering from our climb of 144 steps, we sent up a short prayer to thank God for the North Church and the part it has had in securing our freedom.

We were glad to find that it didn't seem quite as difficult to go down the 144 steps as it had been to go up them. After thanking our guide heartily and assuring him that we would come there to church sometime soon, we reluctantly made our departure. Much to our sorrow, we discovered the next morning that we had at least one ache for every step that we had climbed--but it was worth it!

Esther Colby

Potpourri

I like apple butter on crackers, swimming in the creek, Shakespeare's Macbeth, equilateral triangles, combing Grandfather's beard, pussywillows, orphan dogs, General MacArthur, long stockings, and hair ribbons. I detest men who let their wives drag them around by the nose.

I'm fond of homemade dresses, frogs singing, jumping ropes, brick houses, and catching crayfish by their backs, but no other way. It irks me unendingly to study Bald-Headed Charles, the Frog, in a vile-smelling lab when spring is coming to life outside.

Nothing pleases me more than sucking honey from the flowers, children who don't cry, Easter eggs, T-strap sandles, New England tonic, red bugless roses, and green apples with salt. (These green apples are never stolen.)

Women in men's clothes are sad sacks. I'm continually annoyed by the jabber of my grocery man who seems to speak partly American and partly something else. I'd really like to crawl into a hole somewhere when it begins to rain. Dangling modifiers often set me in a daze. I've found that a clothespin is the cheapest curler for rolling the hair.

I have no use for a pillow at all. I believe that many girls have a fear that someday they may be devoured by a mouse. (Not Mickey Mouse, either.) I delight in disturbing the old hens on their nest in order to gather their eggs. I think men should select the hats for women at this critical age. The colors blue and green, when together, make me sick. I find it great fun to call long distance when the charge is being

reversed. I can't walk through a garden without squashing a tomato.

I like to fly kites until they're caught in a tree. Beethoven's Fifth is one of my favorites. Rye bread with cream cheese is my favorite sandwich. I'm continually being forced to listen to those who fuss and fume over their ailments. I despise shoes which eat my socks up.

I will always live in America. I like country stores because candy sticks are sold there. I'd rather study at three in the afternoon than three in the morning.

I'm constantly aware that I speak to strangers, when thinking they are friends. I'd like to take the college course in which cats are cut up, then canned or pickled. I'd buy shoes large enough even if I had to have them specially made.

Professors who look out over the top of their glasses scare me silly.

Barbara Helen Hodges

Ten Paces to the Left

Grandma and Mrs. Weber moved next-door to each other on the sleepy, elm-roofed Main Street of the tiny town in which they were to live out their lives. I don't know what started the war between them. I don't think that by the time I came along they remembered themselves. But the war was still being waged bitterly.

Mind you, this was no polite sparring match. This was War Between Ladies, which is total war. Nothing in town escaped repercussion. The three-hundred-year-old church almost went down when Grandma and Mrs. Weber fought the Battle of Ladies' Aid. Grandma won the engagement when she was elected president and Mrs. Weber resigned in a huff. But Mrs. Weber won the Battle of the Public Library. Grandma stopped reading library books--"filthy germ things" they'd become overnight. The Battle of the High School was a draw.

In addition to the major engagements they were constantly sallying and sniping back of the main line of fire. When as children we visited my grandmother, part of the fun was making faces at Mrs. Weber's impossible grandchildren--nearly as impossible as we were, I now see--and stealing grapes off the Weber side of the fence. We chased the Weber hens too. One banner day we put a snake into the Weber rain barrel. My grandmother made token protests, but we sensed sympathy and went merrily on with our career of "brattishness."

Of course Mrs. Weber's children retaliated. Grandma had skunks introduced into her cellar. Never a windy washday went by but the clothes-

line mysteriously broke, so that the sheets collapsed in the dirt and had to be done over. The Weber grandchildren always got the credit for these occurrences. I don't know how Grandma could have borne her trouble if it hadn't been for the household page of her daily newspaper.

Besides the usual cooking hints and cleaning advice, this household page had a department composed of letters from readers to each other. If you had a problem you wrote a letter to the paper signing some fancy name like Weasel. This was Grandma's pen name. Other ladies who would answer would sign themselves One Who Knows, or whatever.

Grandma and a woman called May corresponded for a quarter of a century, and Grandma told May things that she never breathed to another soul--things like the time my Uncle Tom got you-know-what in his hair in school and how humiliated she was. May was Grandma's true bosom friend.

When I was about sixteen Mrs. Weber died. In a small town, no matter how much you hated your next-door neighbor, it is only common decency to run over and see what particular service you can do the bereaved. Grandma, neat in percale apron, crossed the two lawns to the Weber home, where the Weber daughters set her to cleaning the already immaculate front parlor for the funeral. And there on the parlor table was a huge scrapbook; and in it, pasted neatly in parallel columns, were her letters to May over the years and May's letters to her.

Grandma's worst enemy had been her best friend.

That was the only time I ever saw my grandmother cry. I didn't know then exactly what she was crying about but I know now. She was crying for all the wasted years which could never be salvaged. That was the day when I first began to suspect what I now believe with all my heart:

People may seem to be perfectly impossible. They may seem mean and small and sly. But if you take ten paces to the left and look again with the light falling at a different angle, very likely you will see that they are generous and warm and kind.

Mabel J. Dustin

AROUND THE

WORLD

Washington, D. C.--the hub of the world--Finland, Russia, North Africa, and China are all on our air route. The following themes give a glimpse of life in these places.

Washington D.C.

Washington, D. C., the hub of the United States, is fast becoming the center and attraction of the entire world. To her the people are looking with anxious anticipation for economic relief and social adjustments.

All roads in the United States lead to Washington. It is the home of the politician, the workshop of the lobbyist, the haven for those who are disgruntled, for those out of work, or for those having any malady a person may possess.

Washington has an atmosphere that cannot and is not duplicated by any other city. No one is in a hurry except the five thousand and odd taxi drivers. Woe to the pedestrian or private car owner who gets in their way.

Thousands of old people walk leisurely along the streets, or sit on a park bench feeding the tame, lazy squirrels that eagerly take peanuts from their hands. The pigeons gracefully glide down to share in the picnic, or alight on the shoulder to receive salted peanuts.

One may sit in one of the many beautiful parks in the early morning before work and enjoy the cool, refreshing spray of a fountain, or listen to the pitiful efforts of thousands of starlings as they greet the dawning of day with their squeaky voices in their vain effort to vie with the robin and mockingbird.

If one awakens some morning in a historical mood, he may take a little walk along the Mall, a level grassy plot one mile long, extending from the Washington Monument to the National Capitol. Here he may reflect on the heritage left us by the Father of Our Country.

After leaving the tall white shaft erected to George Washington, one may enjoy the rotunda of pink marble columns honoring the exponent of democracy, Thomas Jefferson, who no doubt would rather have had the sum spent on relieving the poor and oppressed than on a cold, lifeless monument raised to his memory.

Washington is a beautiful city with its dozens of small parks, green circles breaking the avenues, wide streets lined with oak and sycamore trees. No intricate maze of electric and telephone wires mars one's vision as he gazes with awe and admiration at the long blocks of marble and stone buildings along Constitution Avenue.

Variety is the motto of Washington, be it the weather, or a new Income Tax Law, or the visit of a Mohammedan Prince, or a ten-foot shelf of new O.P.A. regulations. Red tape abounds everywhere. One must read some book on how to get around in the Nation's Capitol, especially if he is interested in contacting "the inner circle."

Dignity and respect impel one to hold his distance, lest he invade the sacred precincts of someone's fancied dignity. The newcomer sometimes finds it hard to break through this dignity, but he soon realizes the people are friendly, charitable, gay, and truly representative of the whole United States.

Here he finds the liberal Westerner, the conservative New Englander, the independent Texan, and the fiery Southerner still bellowing for States' Rights. Chinese, Spanish, English, Negro, French, Latin American, Hindu, Swiss, Russian, and all the rest live here as "one big happy family."

James A. Benton

The Land of a Thousand Lakes

In the northernmost part of Europe lies a land of charm and beauty, with some forty thousand lakes extending over it like a great network. This country is Finland. My parents, although American-born, grew up in Finland, and learned to love the country, its people, and its customs.

The Finnish people, or Finns, are a strong, well-built people. Most of them have fair hair, blue eyes, and high cheek bones. They are vigorous and hard working, and are serious and conscientious in all their undertakings. It has been said that they have "one law, one church, and one tongue."

The Finnish families cooperate in everything they do. My father has told me that during the fall seasons, families will travel great distances to help each other harvest the crops. In Finland if one should happen to be stranded in a strange part of the country, he can feel free to ask for shelter in almost any near-by home. The people are united in everything they do, even in religion. The Evangelical Lutheran Church is the strongest; others are very scarce. The Lutherans are deeply devoted to God and worship in true sincerity. The Finns speak the same language, but different dialects exist in various parts of the country. The language is a beautiful, flexible one. My mother has said that in the American language she often fails to find a word which will have the exact shade of meaning which the Finnish language will give.

In our home my parents have established many Finnish customs. It is a tradition for Christmas to be celebrated on Christmas Eve. The

Christmas dinner, unlike the American turkey dinner, consists of a rare delicacy, "Luta-Fisk." This is a fish which, when prepared properly, is far better than turkey. Instead of having afternoon tea, the Finns enjoy their afternoon coffee. When one has had enough coffee, he turns his cup upside down on his saucer. The average Finn, however, will not turn his cup until he has had at least three cups of coffee. The Finns drink about eight cups daily.

Finland is for the most part a low-lying country. The "thousand lakes" are the result of the great glacier which covered the land ages ago. The low coast is very rugged and has many harbors and inlets. The soil is fertile for agriculture, but a large part is covered by forests. Northern Finland has some of the rarest beauty spots in the world. My mother says the Northern Lights are indescribable, and the colorful splendor and beauty reflected in the sky can only be appreciated by one who has seen it. Night is as bright as day for several months, when the Northern Lights shine. Finland's cities are well-planned and have artistic buildings. The land is a beautiful country in time of peace.

The Finnish people, with their love for freedom and beauty, their desire for education, and their rich resources, will live in a better Finland in the post-war world.

Martha Park.

Peasant Life In Russia

The customs, superstitions, and the primitive life of the Russian people have fascinated me since my early childhood.

My parents were born and reared for sixteen years in the Ukraine country before they migrated to the United States. Often on quiet evenings Mother told me stories about the Russian peasants.

The homes of the peasants were simple and crude. The floor of the farmhouses was of dried mud and clay, the roof thatched straw or open to the sky. The inside of the houses was whitewashed every year.

The dress of the peasants was home-spun but comfortable. The women wore long ruffled skirts and "babuskas" or shawls on their heads. They wore wadded cloth or no shoes on their feet. The men wore heavy shirts and long trousers tucked into high boots. In the winter they wore the furs of the animals that were killed. The Karaskul was used for fur hats.

Most of the Russian girls at the age of thirteen had to work in the fields and orchards eight hours a day for only fifteen cents. All of the money they earned was turned in to their parents.

Russian weddings and customs are much like other early European weddings. The parents always choose the bride or groom. The woman is a slave to her husband.

Their chief sources of food are wheat and dairy products. Some of the well-known Russian foods or plates are "Sourchrau," "pirashkis," "bursh," and "holipke." The cooking and preserving is spicy and very tasty. Pickled green tomatoes make any Russian dinner appetising.

The Russian language is complicated because of its many characters in the alphabet. Like many other languages the verb comes at the end of the sentence. For instance, "Ya te ba lubu" translated into English means, "I you love." One, two, three, and four are in Russian "Odin y dua y tree y chetireh."

It is a custom of the Russians in honor of the holidays like Easter to kiss each other and say, "Christos Voskrece" meaning in English, "Christ arose." "Voistinu Voskrece!" means, "I do believe that he arose!"

The Russians live mostly in fear because of the cruelty that was done to the outcasts. Men would break a child's arm or leg and push him about the streets in a wheelbarrow in the hope that people would drop their pennies to him.

They are a very superstitious people. A few of the most common superstitions still believed today are:

The hooting of an owl at night near your home means the death of someone in the family or of a close relative.

Never take all the money out of your purse or wallet; leave a coin or two, for money attracts money and you will never be broke.

If you sweep after the lamps are lighted, you will sweep all your riches away.

If you see a falling star, some one of your relatives or friends will die.

If you sew in twilight, you will never be rich.

To tickle a baby's feet will cause it to stutter.

If a boy smokes a lock of his girl friend's hair in his pipe, she will always be true to him.

With all their habits and superstitions, the people lived a happy, simple life.

Margaret Harkula

A Sultan's Palace

My first impression of the palace as I viewed it from the city of Rabot, North Africa, was that of a feudal lord's castle. It was built on a hill and surrounded by a twelve-foot stone wall. Its only entrance was through a gate in the east side of the wall, facing Mecca, the holy city of the Mohammedans. So realistic was my impression that I kept watching the gate, expecting to see some heavily armored knight come riding through.

I was very eager to see what was beyond the wall and began to make inquiries. The Arabs told me it was the ruins of the palace of the first Sultan of Morocco and was built during the thirteenth century.

A few days later a friend and I hired a guide to take us through the palace. As we entered the gate we were told that some of the ground was holy and that we would not be permitted to linger near or step on this ground. Should we disobey this law we would be killed by the Arabs. We wanted to disregard this rule, but upon learning that our guide was an Arab we felt we should be law-abiding citizens.

Many of the buildings were in ruins. However, we got an idea of how elaborate and beautiful the palace must have been. The much-talked-of Roman baths were there with a private dressing room for each guest. The floors were made of baked inlaid colored clay and had the appearance of marble. The water for the baths was piped into the palace from a stream nearby and bubbled up in many little fountains. The sun shining upon these fountains made many hundreds of tiny rainbows which resembled fairyland.

The King's bath was in a large room heated by a slow fire built under it. How easy it would have been to give him the "hot foot," and I chuckled to myself as I thought of the possibilities. Can you picture a dignified monarch doing a modern, compulsory "Jitter Bug," not for exercise or style, but to keep his feet from being burned on the hot tile floor?

We were permitted to see the king's or Sultan's tomb, but could not so much as let our bodies cast a shadow upon the ground in which his sacred body rested.

Our guide now led us (we didn't trust him to walk behind us) to the forum where the laws were made and the law breakers punished. Only a few of the Roman columns were standing; the others were scattered over the yard in great numbers. Many gods and heroes of marble who had witnessed cruelty and murder for centuries now lay on their faces on the ground as though trying to shut out any more bloody scenes.

At the west side of the palace were beautiful formal gardens most of which were fruit and flowers. Each tree or bush and the pebble walk were all laid out in geometrical design. The ever fragrant orange blossoms were in bloom at the time of our visit and helped to add something wholesome to the decay and ruins that surrounded us. These gardens had been cultivated since the thirteenth century, and were kept as nearly like the original as possible.

The sun was just setting as our guide said, "That is all." Hastily we paid and dismissed him, stepped through the gate, out into freedom and life again.

Vilma Penny Jacks

A Day In China

Picturesque is really the best word to describe the scenery of southern China. The little villages scattered over the countryside are not beautiful, but they are quaint and interesting.

Let us take a trip through the village of Loh Ting. It is a muggy, hot day typical of the weather eight months of the year. We must get up with the sun in order to see as much of the life as we can. We will put on our native clothes for the Chinese will feel more friendly toward us. The Christian Chinese women wear a one-piece, long, high-collared dress. The heathen women dress in pants and coats as the men do. At half past five we leave the mission compound and enter a narrow thoroughfare over which we have to walk in single file. Nearly every road is the same width except the main road that the busses run on.

Here and there we see a small house, but most of the paths lead through rice fields. Both men and women are wading in the fields already. A woman may have a small child tied on her back, or maybe children a little older will be playing nearby.

After looking over the rice paddies and vegetable gardens, we stop in the home of Mr. Liu. The house is made of mud with a tiled roof. At the entrance a board from six to nine inches high is set before the door to keep the pigs out. As we step over the board we enter a large room containing a few articles of furniture. There are a few straight-backed chairs, a small table, and a stool. In one corner sits a large rooster pecking at the mud floor for food. A black dog rises from another corner growling as he comes toward us. A door opens in the back of the room, and

old Mrs. Liu comes to greet us.

"Have you eaten rice today?" she asks.

"Yes," we reply, "and have you?" This is the customary greeting. She shows us to the back of the house where there are a kitchen and a bedroom. She has just finished washing the dishes that the family used for the rice soup before they left and is now preparing a meal of rice and vegetables and maybe a little salt pork for the mid-morning meal. In the bedroom we find several wide boards on wooden horses for beds. The whole family sleeps in this one room.

Soon we leave and go to the main street where there is a good deal of shouting as customers try to buy meat, vegetables and rice as cheaply as they can. Most of the shop-keepers merely remove the front of their building in the morning, and then they are ready for business. There are wood, clothing, writing materials, and many other things for sale. Along the streets are large round trays full of either vegetables and chickens or fish, which must be bought alive because they spoil so easily.

After buying a few articles we return to the mission compound. There we eat a fine Chinese meal consisting of rice, vegetables, pork and tea. The sun makes it too hot for people not used to the climate to go out in the afternoon. At four we eat and then go walking again. The fields are empty now. The people are either eating or taking their evening baths. A little after seven the sun sinks below the horizon and darkness falls suddenly. As the people cannot afford oil for their lamps, they go to bed. Another day in Loh Ting comes to a close.

Betty Jo Dickson


FOLLOW THE GLEAM

We have not for one moment lost our way. God's radio beam is constantly broadcasting to us a divine purpose for our lives. He lets us know where we are going.

Our Greatest Need

There has been a great advancement materially during the past twenty-five years. I can remember when the first radio came into Grandmother's home. We planned to stay up late at night and take turns enjoying the use of the earphones. Similarly I can recall the times when my aunt had her house wired for electricity and the subsequent arrival of the electrical appliances. With glee we welcomed each improvement from the electric iron to the Norge. When the latter came we had ice cream for days, for each new ice cream mix had to be frozen in our new refrigerator. At twenty-one years of age I purchased a model A Ford. Such a vehicle is considered very much out-of-date, but it is a great improvement over the first Stanley steamer I saw puffing and blowing its way up the road; and so it goes. One could reminisce for pages and give many examples of the material improvements of the last few years.

There are many plans for future developments and improvements. Television will make our present radios as out of place in the future as my Grandmother's earphone set is now. It is hoped that airplane travel in the stratosphere will enable us to eat breakfast in New York and dinner in Europe. Many of our leading companies are promising us inventions that will make our present equipment appear very meager and even useless.

In spite of all these improvements and prophecies of advancement I wonder if we really are in a higher and better world or can be assured of a still better future. Two men were riding towards the Rocky Mountains and one exclaimed, "Oh, aren't they wonderful?" The other replied, "There surely is some fine timber on them." It seems to me that as one compares

the past with the present he notices these two attitudes shown by the travellers. One traveller sees beauty and grandeur beyond mere stones and vegetation, while the other evaluates the range in terms of its ability to furnish material gain. In the past, families had homes; today we have well-equipped houses. Back yonder folk took time to live, hold family prayers, and become acquainted with Christ and His teachings. Today Father is driving over the highway to attend a very important conference, Mother is playing bridge, Son is at the high school dance, and Sister is at the show. Each is too busy taking advantage of our modern civilization to have time for the type of life that his ancestors knew. Just prior to the war we were alarmed at the number of crimes in our country and the lack of attendance at our Sunday schools. Too many people were settling their individual problems by suicide. Now whole nations are at war and in a state of chaos and confusion. Material improvement does not in itself assure us of a happier or better world in which to live.

Our greatest need is a new vision of God, of self, and of service. Individuals, families, communities, and nations need a vision of God in His Holiness, and ability to carry out His plans and pronounce judgments. Somehow we have failed to grasp the idea that God is a necessary factor in a permanent society. We need to see ourselves in the light of what we must be in order to have a happy, peaceful, prosperous civilization. We need a vision of service. We are not placed here to serve ourselves and strive entirely for personal or national gain. Actually, we do not need new washing machines, higher test gasoline, faster planes, or more efficient mechanisms. We need a vision of God, and of our relationship to Him and to each other.

Dorothy V. Wells

Judge Not

There is a tendency today to think of war criminals as belonging to the other side, namely the Axis Powers. This is only natural for it is human nature to see the faults of others, but not our own shortcomings.

What should be done to those who sold tons upon tons of scrap metal to Japan when Japan and the U. S. were in strained relations? What should be done to the bankers of England who were lending money to Germany as late as April, 1939? What should be done to the Naval officers at Singapore who because of false pride refused to face facts, refused Chinese military assistance, refused help from the native population, and were responsible for the deaths of thousands of innocent civilians? What should be done to the thousands of others in high places who have caused unnecessary deaths of our own boys in the armed forces?

Should they not be punished as well as Hitler, as Mussolini, and as Tojo? We should have justice done. We are fighting to preserve the four freedoms, but should we not clean our own house? Should we not repent and ask God to forgive us our sins before we attempt to set others right?

James A Benton

Design And Designer

One day I looked at a beautiful painting, "The Angelus." A husband and wife are standing in the field with bowed heads at the close of a busy day. In the distance there is a church with bells chiming out a call to prayer. This is a scene of humble worship. Whenever I look at this picture I know there is an artist, because I have seen the painting.

One day I read a tender poem:

"Silently one by one in the infinite meadows
of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots
of the angels."

Here was the expression of a heart who felt even as I. I read the poem over and whispered, "I know there is a poet, for I have read the poem."

One Sabbath evening at dusk I passed a large cathedral. Melodious pipe organ music rolled out over the tired city like a calm benediction. I listened. My thoughts carried me away to strange lands and strange people, and the greatness of giving oneself in service to them. I worshipped. Within me as I listened to the music was this unfailing knowledge: I know there is a musician for I have listened to his music.

Today I look into the faces of people. People with feelings and emotions, with aspirations and hopes, and with hearts that look upward and onward. And with an unshaken confidence I know there is a Creator, for I look into the faces of His creation.

Some may say that there is no artist. But I have seen the picture. Others may say that there is no poet. But I have read the poem. Some may suggest that there is no musician. But I have heard the music.

Just as real is the witness to us that God is on His throne and we are His workmanship, created in His own image. We are His greatest design, and He is the great Designer.

Vera L. Simms

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God's Will

When I used to pray in the Lord's Prayer "Thy will be done," or in my own personal prayers tell God that I surrendered my life to His will, I thought that God would make clear to me what His will and plan for my life was all at once. But I have found that God doesn't work that way. As Professor Lunn expressed it in Freshman prayer meeting, God wants us to make ourselves available as a channel through which He can accomplish His work here on earth by our individual cooperation with Him. I have also found that He does not always show us His plans in full. He leads us a step at a time. We have to come to the place where we are willing to walk by faith and trust even though we cannot see ahead from one day to the next.

Dorothy Shedd

God's Mercy

Out of the darkness, sickness, and heartaches of war I have known as never before God's infinite mercy toward me. I feel very humble as I think of those who have been wounded and those who have given their lives that I might enjoy the blessings of my country. I have been in the great "Struggle of Nations" myself, and I realize that I too would be lying under the sod of a foreign country but for the mercy of God. It was His mercy that took me out of the mire of sin and the mire of a foxhole to enjoy the bliss of home and God's Kingdom within the human heart. War has made many people hard in spirit; however, it has matured me spiritually and has given me a firm experience. Indeed, I know now as never before man's sin and God's infinite mercy.

Victor E Storms

God's Care

I have been particularly impressed of late by God's care for the individual. One wonders how it can be that the teeming millions of earth aren't just one big blurring mass of people to Him--similar to what an astronomer sees when looking through a telescope. The Bible tells us that the very hairs of our heads are numbered and that He even sees every sparrow that falls. This thought may be made a little clearer when we consider how well missionaries know their people. To a stranger China appears to be an endless sea of faces, but to the missionary who loves them they break down into individuals.

I heard a story recently that illustrates this point very well. A country bumpkin entering a large city library will only see rows and rows of books that all look the same except for their sizes and perhaps the amount of dust they have on them. But let a librarian come into the room and she will recognize titles and authors. Ignorance sees things in masses, but knowledge sees things in parts.

How thankful I am for such a wise, loving Heavenly Father who loves even me.

Violet Balwit

Follow Me

There are two words of Scripture which have been of particularly great help and comfort to me recently: "Follow me."

This year has been rather unsettled and has brought many questions to my mind which I felt must be settled immediately; but when I took these problems to the Lord in prayer, "Follow me," was the answer. Surely this was good advice. Every time I followed Christ my perplexing problems disappeared in due time.

Mary Catherine Boggs

Faith

One of the richest terms in our religion is faith. It is something which holds us steadfast and true when the storms of temptation and distress seem to be raging around us. It is the cable by which we may hold fast to God. It is the firm foundation upon which we base our Christian experience. In times when situations seem to be the worst we always have our faith in God to keep us from faltering. After the storm has passed we may say, and really mean, "Faith is the victory."

Olive Church

Church

When I was small I used to think that a church service was a time when all the neighbors got together in a special building so that they could listen to what the minister had to say, and that after the service they could visit with their friends. I didn't think of church as being a place in which to worship God and of the minister as being a servant of His. I thought the minister was imparting some of this extraordinary knowledge to his congregation because he knew more than anyone else.

Not only has my conception of church changed, but so has my behaviour during the service. Like most children's, my mind was too active for me to settle down and listen to something I couldn't understand. My earliest recollections of church are far from being centered on what the minister was saying or even on worshipping God. I used to sit with my parents in our customary pew, swinging my feet back and forth. My mother didn't mind this unless I banged the seat in front. Nevertheless, everybody remarked to mother about what a wiggly child she had.

Swinging my feet didn't keep my eyes centered on one thing. I was usually deeply engrossed staring at people. If anything was wrong with them, believe me, I didn't let it pass without calling mother's attention to it. One time I saw that the lady sitting directly behind me kept blinking her eyes. I immediately started blinking mine, fast and furiously. When Mother saw me, she was worried. Thinking that something was wrong she asked me if I were sick and would like to go outside.

Let's see now, I had the wriggles and the squirms, but was I noisy? Strange to say, I hardly ever talked and whispered to mother only

to attract her attention to some strange phenomenon. However, when I wanted to make a noise I would play with the hymn book, opening and slamming the covers. I mean I did this until mother put a stop to it.

Our preacher interested me more than some other minister might have, not because he was a modernist, but because he was the only Japanese in the state of Vermont and because he had the fascinating name of Yataka Minachuchi. His name not only fascinated me, but he himself did. Nobody else that I knew had yellow skin and slanting eyes. Thus I spent each service I attended. Confidentially, I believe I enjoyed the weekly Sunday service more than many of the other members of the congregation. I had more to look forward to than just to listen to the preacher.

Though church means a great deal more to me spiritually today than it did them, still I cannot help cherishing those happy childhood memories.

Geneva Hutton

TAIL SPIN


GRAB HIM, GIRLS!
OH-H-H A MAN!
HOLD EVERYTHING!! DONT LET HIM GET AWAY!
DEAN OF WOMEN

In spite of our trials we haven't lost our American sense of humor. We're still able to laugh at our mistakes and at the pranks of others.

It's A Date!

According to our modern young Americans, a "date" is any "He" to whom our darling daughter deigns to give her company for an evening. We may find him dull or debonair, an Ichabod Crane or a Casanova--still he's a "date." But after close observance we will be able to class these sundry dates as definite types. Here we have them:

George--from Bucolic Boulevard

George is big and bashful and blonde. He dresses up for daughter, but gives the impression that the collar and tie are tortures depriving him of his human rights. And his devotion to daughter is far more than she deserves, for she glories in it, but calls him a hick behind his back. George shyly twists his hat when introduced to the fond parents, and awkwardly, but sincerely, attempts to please them. Poor fellow! His earnest lovemaking is squandered on daughter, who tells her friends how green he is and boasts how she taught him all he knows.

Rex--from Commando Court

Rex is braggadocio and demanding. He wears loud clothes, and makes a loud entrance. He practically orders daughter to "come with him." He nods as affably as is necessary to her parents, "grabs his chicken's wing," and is gone.

Reginald--from Playboy Parkway

Reginald would be a hero, and a great lover, in our daughter's eyes. In his own he already is one. He has too much money, too perfect clothes, and a convertible. He flatters her parents, (I often wondered if they were as deceived as they let on), and lords it over her other

suitors. He even treats daughter rather superciliously, because he thinks he's buying her affections, as he buys everything else he fancies. Incidentally, he gives quarters, instead of nickles, to her freckle-faced brother.

Cecil--from Einstein Avenue

Cecil, the smartest boy in the class, dates our daughter, too. Mother admires his mind, and enjoys conversing with him while he is waiting for daughter. Although his technique is bad, our minx of a daughter declares he is her man when she needs help on a difficult math problem. I'm afraid Cecil finds that he can't woo a girl with geometry theorems.

Eddie--from Tolerance Turnpike

Eddie is quite willing to "let the rest of the world go by." A disarming smile, tumbled blonde curly hair, an easy-going manner--he's all that our daughter desires in a date. She will freely declare, "Eddie is a darling!" But Mother and Dad think Eddie is a bit too lazy, too willing to shed responsibility.

Larry--from Ideal Drive

Larry is our ideal. He has dark wavy hair and laughing, dark brown eyes. He's rather tall and lean and wears his clothes with an attractive, easy grace. Our daughter is proud of him for he always does the right thing at the right time. He's an all-round guy--the All-American date.

May Cornell

On Being a P.K.

Now don't tell me you don't know what a "P.K." is. But since you might not know, a "P.K." is a preacher's kid.

Living in a parsonage is a life of pleasant surprises. One day I washed my face expecting a General Superintendent for dinner, and father brought home a tramp. Another time I hurried home from school to hear "Superman," and found mother and the Women's Foreign Missionary Society quilting in the living room.

The minister's kids, it seems, get the "dirty deal" every time. Who gets up on Sunday morning at five o'clock to light the church fires? Who sweeps and dusts the church on Saturday afternoon when the other boys are playing ball? Who sits with his mother on the front seat every service? Who does without ice cream at the Sunday School picnic when there's not enough to go around? Who goes to bed early on board meeting night so that the members of the board may occupy the parsonage living-room without molestations? There is one answer to each of these questions--the preacher's kids.

The minister's children must set the perfect example at all times. Especially in a small town it is extremely difficult for fun-loving boys to come up to the standards of all the parish. One woman in our church walked into the parsonage and caught my brother and me playing checkers. This practice being against her convictions, she told some members of the church that the minister should preach in his home before he preached in the pulpit. Until this confusion was straightened out the work of the

church slackened because two minister's sons passed their leisure moments playing a game of checkers. One Sunday afternoon my brother and I wanted to visit a farm near by, but we wouldn't be able to get back in time for the evening service. We thought we had a fool-proof argument when we told dad that butcher's children do not like meat because they get so much of it. My father, not to be outdone, came back with the reply, "What would people think of a shoemaker that let his children run around in the streets with holes in their shoes?" The preacher's kids must set the example.

There is also considerable inconvenience connected with living in a church-owned home since it must be used for church work as much as possible. Weddings, though enjoyable, seem to take some pleasure out of the home. One woman wanted to get married the day after we moved. We told her the house wouldn't be in very good order. She said she wouldn't notice much about the house; so we all worked laboriously in order that the memories of that day would be pleasant for her.

Even though the hardships are many, I would not trade the heritage, the environment, the discipline of parsonage life for any other. In fact, I intend to raise my children as "P.K.'s".

Charles Murfworthy

Pride and Prejudices of The Pot-and-Pan Boy

The pot-and-pan boy of the kitchen is the last person a student thinks of when he pulls his chair to the table. The students give no thought to the fellow who spends hours between meals to help get the next meal before the gluttonous student body. They do not have sympathy for him when he enters the kitchen finding pots and pans of all shapes, sizes, and descriptions lying prostrate at his feet. At times when he comes to work, fatigued from classes, these unmerciful creatures look into his face and smirk as if to say, "I dare you to get me clean!" And to get even, the boy picks them up and sends them gurgling to a watery grave.

But the life of the pot-and-pan boy is not one of total misery, although at times he may think it is. There are a few days out of every month that he will come to work finding only a few pans to wash. There are rare occasions when a good Samaritan of the kitchen will pick up the towel and wipe the pans for him.

Yes, even though he doesn't realize it, the kitchen is molding and rearranging his habits. Already, he has mastered the language that is predominently used in the kitchen. This "kitchen slang" would mean an entirely different thing to someone who has had no relative dealings with a kitchen. For example, if someone says he is "up to his elbows in work," it doesn't necessarily mean that the pots and pans are piled up until they reach his elbows; it simply means that he has an exceptional amount of work to do. And if a person says, "I've been in the dough this week," he doesn't mean he has just received word that his rich uncle died and left him a

fortune. He merely means he has been making an unusual amount of pie crusts.

Whether the pot-and-pan boy is appreciated or not, he still has the job to do. Therefore, with new vitality, vigor, and vim he goes about his work with nonchalance. And with the rest of this busy old world running wild in its own orbit, the pot-and-pan boy will lazily continue to keep food before the gluttonous students of E. N. C.

Dale Galbraith

United We Shall Stand
United We Shall Fall

Eleven-thirty P.M. Bang! Bang! Bang! Thud! And a three-foot old ash can stops abruptly at the foot of the stairway. In return for the can, a milk bottle swiftly ascends the stairway in reverse motion. The battle is on. The boys of the Cardboard Palace are on the loose again!

Among the familiar edifices of the campus of E. N. C., none are as famous as the Cardboard Palace; yet none are as dilapidated and insignificant looking. The Palace has not acquired its fame by unjust means, for, like a great man, it is recognized and loved for what it is.

The Cardboard stands in the left corner of the campus--most remote from Elm Street--as though the builders intended that it should be hidden! It is a dingy, white building one and one-half stories high, serving the purpose of a two-story structure. It is apparent, then, that its appeal is not in its external personality; it is found in the atmosphere pervading the innermost cranny of the Palace.

We are a brotherhood. The dormitory's poverty has enriched us in that way. Seemingly, we are like brothers in affliction--and we have our afflictions, such as little animals with white streaks, cold spells, warm spells, and whatnot. When a Cardboarder is asked what "dorm" he is from, with a smile he says, "The Cardboard." He does not apologize for his humble abode, but smiles because the inquirer--if acquainted with E. N. C.--and he have a mutual understanding.

There's never a dull moment in the Cardboard. It seems you can always find something to laugh at if you can take time to join in the fun.

Last night the boys participated in the brave escapade of capturing Oscar, the skunk. A box-trap was set under the "dorm" and the boys waited eagerly, anticipating the big moment. This morning almost before the sun looked down in laughter upon the Cardboard, the halls were bustling with activity. Blood-curdling yells were heard. "We've got Oscar!" The boys piled up at the door and peeked through the window at the little troublemaker. Yes, he was really there. Some of the boys busied themselves with the task of filling a large container with water. The water-line in the can kept rising and Oscar's end drew near. Oscar's wife was now self-supporting, for Oscar had made his last "cent."

This was only ten minutes of life in the Cardboard Palace out of the 10,080 each week.

I shall bring this tale to an end as I hear a meaningful stir in the hallway. The Cardboard is at it once more.

Conard E. Stier

In Three Easy Lessons

I have read of many different ways of succeeding in business; however, the method that I am about to relate is different from any of them. The primary cause of its difference is that the organization in which it is employed is unique. There is nothing else quite like it in the world. Of course one realizes by this time that I'm referring to the United States Government. I want it clearly understood that I am not criticizing our government. I worked for it long enough to discover that such a vast, complex machine is of necessity all wound up in red tape. There is nothing much to do about it. All one can do is to obey its unwritten rules.

When I first started this work last June, after taking a Civil Service examination, I was given instructions by a girl who had been there several weeks.

"Surely you can't mean that!" I exclaimed incredulously.

But she was perfectly serious. "I do mean it," she answered. "I know those rules sound like a foolish joke, but the silliest part is that they're true. Wait and find out for yourself."

The weeks went by. I followed the rules and, to my astonishment, succeeded very well.

The first rule is: Do nothing you are told to do. The explanation is quite understandable if one has ever been a government employee, and it is simply this: when one is given an order, it usually comes from one's direct superior. This person has many, many others over him, and when he gives an order, it is on his own initiative and very likely to be

incorrect. The thing to do is to relax with a magazine until someone farther up the scale verifies the order. Then--sometimes--it is safe to carry it out. One must decide for oneself.

The second rule is: Do everything you are told not to do. Here again is the case of your immediate superior's being wrong. The minute one sits back with a sigh of relief that he isn't required to do this particular thing, an angry division chief will storm into the office breathing fire. When this happens, crawl under your desk and wait for the smoke of battle to clear away. Invariably you get blamed when you are the lowest grade of employee in the business.

The third rule: Make eight carbon copies of everything. Never, never waste your time on any less than eight! And sometimes even eight are not enough for that insatiable cigar-chewer, your boss. No matter how faint or blurred the last few copies are, if one has made eight of them he will usually be all right.

Those three rules are all there are to follow. However, they go against my nature so much that I doubt if I'll ever work there again. What irritated me most was seeing my beautifully-done letters (yes, with eight carbon copies!) thrown into the wastebasket because of someone's whim.

The government is a funny business. It still puzzles me.

Norma Jacken

It's More Mental Worry Than Pain

Sometimes I wish that my teeth were the type that I could remove at night. No longer would I have to endure the mental torture connected with having a cavity filled, or getting a tooth extracted. No longer would my conscience annoy me and remind me of my twice-postponed appointment, as I pass the dentist's office. It is extremely difficult for me to make an appointment with the dentist, but it is twice as difficult to keep one, and three times as difficult actually to mount the dentist chair.

When one of my teeth begins to annoy me and I cannot think of a good enough excuse to satisfy my conscience, I go to the telephone to make an appointment. After hearing the ring on the other end of the line, I try to console myself by saying that the office is closed or that the appointments have all been filled for the next three weeks. But after the second ring I hear the sweet, sweet voice of that wonderful nurse, who assures me that I can be taken care of the very next day.

When the very next day comes, my attempts to find a reasonable excuse to cancel my appointment seem very feeble. I start out for my doom. Fifteen minutes later I open the double doors of the death-chamber. The steep flights of white marble steps confront me. Everything seems to be peaceful and quiet, but I am experienced in this game. I realize that this calm atmosphere has been planned to "cover up" the tortures that await me.

I start my long ascent up the stairs, wondering if I will ever descend them. The steps are not as numerous as I had thought, because suddenly before me I see the glaring sign, "L. A. TURNER, DENTIST." A

smaller sign underneath says, "Come in." These two words, "Come in," are supposed to be inviting. No sooner do I make myself comfortable in the waiting room than I notice a white-clad form before me. I say, "Hello, Doctor Turner," and I expect the reply, "How do you do? The Drill and the Needle, my two faithful companions, have been waiting to put you through third degree torture." Instead he says, "How do you do? Won't you come in?" Sheepishly I enter.

I throw myself at the dentist's mercy by climbing into his dreadful chair. Immediately I detect his psychology to banish my unpleasant thoughts by firing questions at me which pertain to music, literature, or some other irrelevant topic. He takes his probe and begins to scrape the sides of the cavity. He goes to his cabinet containing drill parts and looks for his longest and sharpest instrument. It takes him a minute to attach the point to the drill and get it into my mouth. Even before he steps on the electricity, I can feel the vibration of the revolving drill in my tooth. I count the blocks on the ceiling. I count the slats on the Venetian blinds. I even try to relax. I hear the grinding of the drill and feel it moving from one side of my cavity to the other. I grip the arms of the chair very tightly, hoping against hope that the drill will not hit a nerve. My tensity reaches a climax when I suddenly feel a sharp pain cutting through my upper gum. The dentist withdraws the drill and walks away from me. While he mixes the filling, I collect my thoughts. At last I relax.

In less than five minutes I find myself leaving the office of my friend, the dentist. My thoughts and steps are light as I descend the two flights of marble stairs leading to the street.

Martha Park.

Jokes

"And where have you been this past week?" Professor Lunn asked Grace Crutcher.

Grace calmly commented, "Stop me if you've heard this one."

- - o - -

Overheard in the Mansion:

"Shall I take this little rug out and beat it?"

"That's no rug; that's my roommate's towel."

- - o - -

One of us freshmen was seen running across the campus the first of the year. When asked the reason for the rush, he explained, "I just bought a new textbook, and I'm hurrying to get to class before it goes out of date."

- - o - -

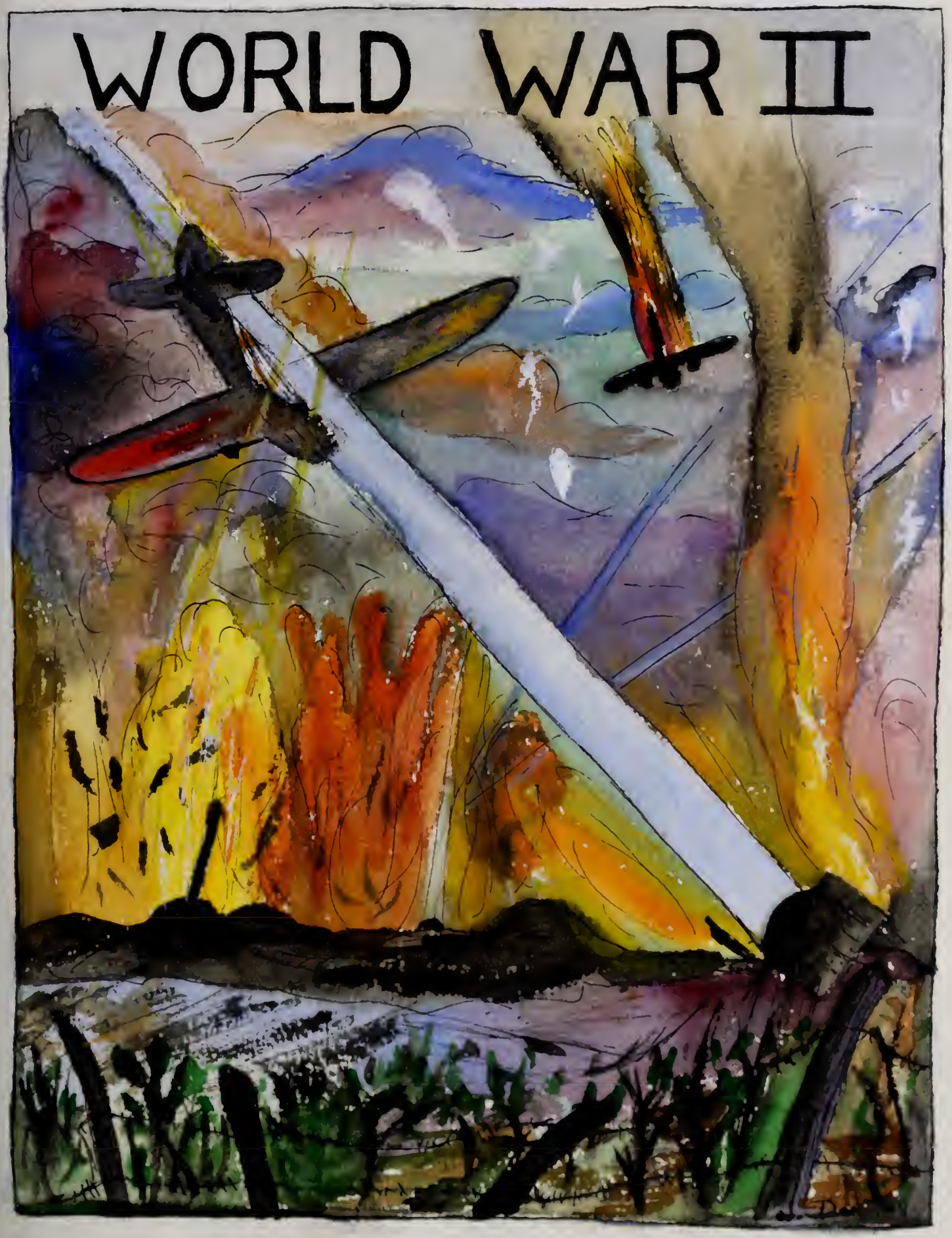
The morning after the big snowstorm the early arrivals in rhetoric class were gazing out the window looking over the situation. Upon seeing broken limbs from the trees and many a high drift blocking up the paths of the rushing students, someone casually casually remarked, "Mother Nature surely went on a bender last night."

- - o - -

Prof Span: "Name two pronouns."

Barbara Hodges: "Who, me?"

WORLD WAR II



World War II has affected us all deeply. Two of our class fought in North Africa and Sicily. All of us have friends and loved ones who are serving their country overseas.

Brave Men

Every Thursday morning the soft, clear notes of a bugle announce a moment of silent prayer devoted to our boys in service throughout the world. All over the campus, our busy lives are halted for a brief space as everyone stands quietly with bowed head, praying for loved ones. As the chapel bell tolls and we resume our various paths, we go on our way with hearts strangely lightened and with a new appreciation of the sacrifices being made to keep us here.

This little service was the idea of the Freshman class and was introduced in chapel on January 10 by Professor Lunn, our adviser, who read selections from Ernie Pyle's Brave Men. We feel that this observance has helped us to be more thoughtful and grateful to the ones who are doing so much for America--and for us.

RETURNED FROM OVERSEAS DUTY:

Corp. Tech. Wilbur Pennypacker
who spent one year in North
Africa and Sicily

Pfc. Victor Storms
who spent sixteen months
in North Africa and Sicily

LEFT FOR THE SERVICE:

Frank Dominguez (Maritime)

Cedric Manley (Navy)

Prayerfully We Wait

The rumors of another invasion spread through our camp like wild fire. I was with the Eleventh Evacuation Hospital. Our patients were evacuated, meaning that we were in on the affair. All unnecessary clothing, letters and address books were thrown away.

When the invasion should come was not revealed, although the know-it-all type of person prophesied it would be July 4th. The place too was a dark secret held by one General. Some said it would be Germany, some Italy, and others said it would be the southern coast of France.

Thousands of troops moved in the area where we were. Ships of all types were in the harbor and large ammunition dumps were scattered around us. Hundreds of planes were constantly patrolling the air, looking for enemy planes that might try a surprise attack. With such concentration of men and supplies, just one bomb could do plenty of damage. Foxholes were dug to protect us if an air attack would come. The ground around us looked as if there were a gold rush on, instead of preparations for an invasion.

Every night we went to our beds (Mother Earth) thinking that this might be the night. Would the guards awaken us at midnight and tell us the zero hour had come? Every morning we awoke (those who were fortunate enough to be able to sleep) with the same thought. This routine went on for days.

Because of the nervous tension, lack of sleep, and poor food, everyone became irritable. The chaplain was the man of the hour. Boys

who never spoke to him before now were seeking his aid, asking for Testaments and prayers. Boys who never prayed before could be seen on their knees. Some of the boys tried to take their own lives and thus end the awful ordeal of waiting. If only we could get the job over with. But we are not the General. All we could do was prayerfully wait.

When the zero hour came, even though we knew death and destruction awaited us out there, we welcomed the news as the drooping rose does the refreshing rain. Trucks began rolling to and from the area, low but sharp commands were given, and we boys threw our packs on our backs and began our long-waited-for march to the boats. Some of the men went by plane. We were off at last, but not to the coast of France, Germany, or Italy. We were off for Sicily.

Wilbur Penny Jacks

The Battle of Troina

As an infantry soldier of the North African-European Theater of War, I have taken part in a number of important and most unpleasant engagements, but the worst engagement, a most unforgetable one, was the Battle of Troina.

It was at Troina where the Germans made their "grand stand," and where hinged the decisive battle of the entire campaign for Sicily. We won the Battle of Troina, but my organization lost more men there than in the North African campaign which lasted many more months. I shall never forget this battle, for in it I had my closest call with death. Yet, out of this horror I found God's mercy to be great. I am alive, uninjured, and unscratched to tell about this mighty engagement.

Under orders we moved forward during the night to take position on "K" hill. It seemed only a few minutes after our company reached the top until the dawn came, and with it the first "pings" of enemy machine gun bullets and the first bursts of shells. Shells fell everywhere in an ever increasing number. Many of our men were already killed or wounded. Our machine guns and our own supporting artillery were knocked out. In the heat of the battle our lieutenant with fourteen men (including myself) made for a ditch which was the nearest possible cover. By this time thousands of shells were raining down. Huge rockets leaping from German multiple-tube guns roared through the air, and mortar shells landed directly in or near the ditch. One shell crashed against the side of the ditch and burst a mere three feet over my head. German planes nosed down to strafe us, but were driven off by Spitfires.

To our horror we realized we were trapped and death was close. Despair showed on our faces. Some men gave up hope completely and waited in horror for the end. It really seemed like the end of the world. All we could do was to pray. I myself prayed out loud with no shame. It was the first time in all our combat experience that we realized our helplessness. Our lieutenant cried, "We have to get out of here. Is there any way out?" It looked bad for all of us, for we had no guns to fight with, no chaplain to comfort us. I quickly took my New Testament, the Word of God, the Sword of the Spirit, from my pocket and turned to John 14 and read: "Let not your heart by troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.....I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." I also read Acts 12 where Peter was delivered from prison. After reading my New Testament I passed it around that others might read, and then continued to pray. To the Catholic boys it was like the last rites as well as a ray of hope to all.

In this man-made hell God answered prayer, and stood true to His word: "I am the Way,"--for God spared our lives and calmed our fears. Under cover of darkness we slipped out of the ditch after lying there for sixteen hours, and headed toward safety. Victor E Storms

My Brother Gets His Wing

(Dedicated to the brother I love and to the great army of youth who have answered their Country's call.)

Above, the Ansons droned steadily as they wheeled in stately formation against the background of blue. Below, lively band music swept across the parade grounds in its certain and regular beats. Over on our left by the speaker's stand the Union Jack snapped in the breeze. It was my brother's big day, the day when he was to receive his precious "O" wing. Mother was there, dressed in a smart black suit, new shoes and hat; Dad was there, too--quiet, yet proud and smiling; and I, sitting further down the line.

All was in readiness for the big moment. Two supporting wings of undergraduates already stood in position on opposite sides of the field. The impatient crowd--mothers, fathers, sweethearts, brothers, sons--sat waiting for the appearance of the graduating class. And then they came, twenty-three lads in Airforce blue. They were marching in perfect unison and with singular feeling. These were men of war.

It was a thrilling scene to see these airmen beat the ground as they marched to their position. The very atmosphere of the place intoxicated you. You felt the impulse of their feet within yourself, the band music seemed to awaken new life within you, and the aeroplanes overhead gave a realistic touch. I saw Ed, five foot six, and one hundred and thirty pounds, marching with the integrity of a field marshal. He looked "swell"--to me at least--and I admired every swing of his arms and movement of his feet.

Then came the serious hour. The special speaker, a man who had

sat behind a Browning machine gun in a Lancaster turret, gave the address. He didn't paint a rosy picture for the boys; he spoke in terms of facts and they respected him for it. The crowd was sobered, and the distance between them and hell-rent Europe seemed to lessen. He spoke as a veteran. "Be men," he said firmly. And with parallel emphasis he added, "Don't forget the sweethearts, the mothers, and those you leave behind." The prayer followed. The chaplain arose, and as he lifted his arm in reverence, we became silent before God. The voice of God seemed to echo even above the roar of the planes in the sacredness of that petition, and a prayer was on every lip. A benediction sealed the moment and the program continued.

It was time now for the presentation of the wings. One by one the airmen came forward as their names were called according to their place in the ranks. The man next to my brother was summoned, and then it was my brother's turn to take his ready position. His heels clicked together, he took two steps forward, made a "right turn" and marched smartly to the center of the rank, snapped around to the left, his foot went out, and he stood at ease, waiting. Our eyes followed him.

"Sergeant Stairs, A. E., Meductic, New Brunswick."

His heels came together again and he strode forward. Two paces from the officer he halted and saluted. His whole self went into that salute. The salute was returned by the officer, and he stepped up to my brother. All the chest Ed had was thrown out. In the next second the wing was pinned on and officer and airman shook hands. I knew Ed was bursting on the inside, but there was only a faint smile on his face--he was still an airman. Again salutes were exchanged and he returned to his rank. It was all over.

Tears stole down Mum's quivering cheeks, but Ed didn't see them; Dad wasn't the crying kind; I was too old to cry, but wished I could have.

 Gerard E. [illegible]

Prisoners of War

When the Japanese entered French Indo-China, my missionary relatives, Aunt Mary, Uncle Chester, and their one daughter and four sons, were put into a concentration camp.

Incidentally, my aunt told us later that long before the Pearl Harbor Attack she knew from observing the Japanese troops that trouble was ahead. She wanted very much to inform the United States of the coming danger, but naturally all mail was censored.

My relatives were in the concentration camp for over a year, but were exchanged for American prisoners and returned to America in December of 1943 on the exchange ship GRIPSHOLM.

While in the camp, my aunt was stricken with a severe sickness caused by the food. The Japanese doctors gave up all hope for her. When they made plans for the exchange of prisoners, they advised my uncle to leave his wife there since she had only a short time to live and the space which she would occupy on the boat could be used for someone else. Of course Uncle Chester would not allow that. He was determined that the family stay together. Aunt Mary was healed.

One side of my aunt's face had become paralyzed from the nervous condition which resulted from the treatment she had received. For a long time she couldn't move it at all. It was not until the family was on their way to the United States that a slight movement of her face was discernible. There was certainly a time of thanksgiving and praise to God for this answer to prayer.

The TARA MARU was the Japanese boat on which the prisoners were transported to meet the GRIPSHOLM. The sanitary conditions on this boat were most unfavorable. Among the foods served were powdered eggs, green with age, and rice with maggots in it, the maggots having the same appearance as the rice except for their black heads. The prisoners were in such a state that they had to eat anything that they could get. My cousin Evangel related to me that after many attempts to eat the rice, she finally had to hold her left arm over her eyes to prevent her from seeing what she was eating.

Twice a day, ten minutes was given for the whole 1500 passengers to wash both their bodies and also their clothes. Naturally very few had a chance in that short length of time.

After the previous circumstances on the TARA MARU, the GRIPSHOLM seemed like Heaven, equipped with swimming pools, nice clean cabins, and good food to eat. Everyone gained weight on the GRIPSHOLM. The Japanese who were American prisoners had come on the GRIPSHOLM and were to be exchanged to the TARA MARU. Some tried to hide in the GRIPSHOLM rather than to be taken back to their own country, but they were found and their begging was to no avail. They would rather be treated as prisoners in America than free men in their own country.

Before disembarking at New York Harbor, everyone received clothing from the Red Cross.

Although my relatives are glad to be back in this country, they can hardly wait for the day when they will be able to return to their missionary work in French Indo-China, which they call their home.

Elaine T. Hall

The Meaning of Sacrifice

"Home from abroad" are perhaps the most longed-for words of today. Mothers, wives, and friends are all hoping that someday soon they can call up a dozen different friends and announce happily, "He's home to stay." We have seen many of these returned heroes and have even talked to a few.

I am thinking now of our recent visit to the Cushing General Hospital in Framingham, Massachusetts. It was my first trip to a hospital of overseas veterans, and I shall never forget the sights that met my eyes. We had gone to the hospital to visit a friend from our home town who had been wounded in action and been sent there. The first thing that impressed us was the beauty and immensity of the place. As we drove through the grounds we wondered how we would ever find the person whom we wished to visit in this hospital which seemed to have long, narrow corridors extending for miles. Joining the main corridor on each side were wings or wards.

The bus stopped in front of the administration building; therefore we had nothing to worry about. We secured our passes and a badge at the desk, then were told in which direction to go. We walked fast and steadily for almost twenty-five minutes. All along the way were soldiers walking with crutches or moving in wheel chairs, and quite a few were limping along alone. We passed the mess hall, P. X., post office, recreation room, living rooms, and wards with long lines of white beds. We saw soldiers with all sorts of ailments, officers and enlisted men alike. The thing that touched our hearts most was to see young soldiers badly wounded, who didn't seem to be more than fourteen years old. They looked like

little boys, but here they were back from all the bitterness of war. We finally reached our destination, but had some trouble in recognizing our friend because his hair had turned almost white. Usually a soldier doesn't want to talk about the war and what he has seen, but this boy wanted to talk of his experiences. We were his first visitors in three weeks and the first ones he had seen from home for three years. He told us that he wanted to go back overseas after the war and see all the land that they had fought on.

We found our friend in serious condition, being paralyzed from the waist down to the toes. He is living in the hope of someday being able to walk again. But there are other boys there in even worse condition than he. It is marvelous, however, to see the extent of their morale. The soldiers go through the corridors laughing, joking, and calling to each other. It is enough to make us ashamed when we complain over little, unimportant sacrifices of life.

To anyone who has never visited a veterans' hospital as yet, I would readily recommend at least a short visit, just to help one realize and appreciate the blessings and privileges one enjoys,--blessings that have been so nobly defended by our own brave boys.

Betty Gracey

I Pledge Allegiance

A few weeks ago my girl friend and I were walking to work busily carrying on our conversation of current campus gossip when we noticed something that attracted our complete attention. We saw a pole with an American flag on it; just beneath was a service flag with a gold star and the number "50" on it. As I looked, I realized that the service flag represented fifty boys who had given their lives that I could enjoy the freedom that the American flag stands for. My girl friend and I stopped to repeat softly, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands: one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

As we walked on to work neither of us spoke another word. There was a lump in my throat, a million thoughts in my head, and a deep appreciation and prayer in my heart. I can't explain the feeling that I had because it is inexpressible.

As I look back I remember another time when the flag meant a great deal to me. When I was inducted as a member of the Girl Scouts, the pledge we made gave me a deep feeling of patriotism. The pledge was: "On my honor, I will try to do my duty to God and my country, to help other people at all times, and obey the Girl Scout laws."

I also remember the burial of my uncle who was a veteran of the last war. The flag held a great significance to me as I looked at it draped over his casket. Especially was I impressed when a flag was raised at the cemetery and three shots were fired over his grave before taps was played.

I think patriotism at times such as I mentioned inspires a deep sense of duty and appreciation, and a desire to serve one's country better.

In the February, 1945, issue of Reader's Digest I read an article entitled "The Flag Goes up in the Philippines." It made me feel that these fighting boys, and only these boys, have the real chance to show patriotism to the flag. They cannot only honor and appreciate the flag, but they can serve the country it represents. The article stated that one of the boys climbed the tallest tree and hung the flag on one of the branches. Because the wind was not blowing, he held it out and displayed the stars and stripes. There was a hearty cheer as the holder slid down the palm pole and the war went on.

I think the flag means much more to me now than it ever did, because the casualties of this present war are making me realize, in a small degree, the great sacrifice our forefathers had to make in other wars to give us the freedom we now enjoy, the freedom that the flag stands for.

Betty Hopkins

Now He's Gone

I can't forget that day he left home, and yet now it seems far in the past. No, he didn't want mother to go to the station. He'd rather say goodbye at home. It would be hard for her, and he wished to save her as much heartache as possible. I said goodbye rather casually --I knew he wouldn't have me do it any other way, no matter how I felt. He knew that deep down inside of me I hated to see him go, and I could feel his attitude too; he didn't want to leave us. My brother and I had often talked to each other silently. No one else knew--just the two of us.

The first few weeks were hard. Especially at night after the lights were out and the family had retired. Now that he was gone, we couldn't lie down side by side and discuss all our problems of the day. We couldn't tell the humorous things that had happened, the queer people we had encountered, the puzzling situations we had met during the day. Something had gone from our lives that only his presence could restore.

Each time he came home on furlough our home was filled with temporary gladness. It was ours again to lie awake at night and talk about things we never told anyone else. That first night of his furlough, I remember that we didn't quit talking until three o'clock in the morning. He told me all about the embarrassing situations he had endured, and the good times he had had, too. I remember it was then that he said he'd like to be a psychiatrist when the war was over-----. It hurts me now to think about it. He'll never be one.

The furloughs were very short. Then the emptiness came again. He was shipped to several camps, then to New York, and finally, overseas. Part of me went, too. That little corner way down deep went. To England, France, and Belgium, and then to death.

He was wounded seriously on January the eighteenth, and I got the report. I suffered inner sickness and prayed earnestly. A week later I heard again. He had died on the twenty-second--four days later.

I was dazed. I walked and thought about the things one usually does think about, I guess. Those times we had together--those talks at night--that place in my bed that would never be filled again. I thought of those times when I might have been more considerate, more helpful, or more understanding. One usually thinks of those times when it's too late.

I prayed and found God unusually near. And more than that, I received His assurance that all was well with my brother's soul. I didn't make myself believe it. God made it plain. I praise Him. But somewhere across the water in an army cemetery in Eastern France, there is that little corner way down deep inside me, dead and buried.

Dale Galbraith

ANSWERING TOMORROW'S CHALLENGE

Wide-awake freshmen discuss the challenge to missionaries, teachers, nurses, and ministers in the post-war world. They see their place in the future and are planning to fill it.

Why I Am a Missionary

Shortly after my conversion, which took place when I was sixteen years old, I felt that God wanted me for missions. Several months later I presented my body as a living sacrifice to God and the heathen. The vision of missions became increasingly clear to me, and for several years I waited patiently before God to make my field known to me. Not for one moment did I guess it would be an almost forgotten island in the Caribbean Sea.

Just before my eighteenth birthday I attended a missionary convention and heard for the first time of Jamaica, British West Indies. It was during this service that I received my call to this island. Before I was nineteen I was on the field.

The needs of the people of Jamaica nearly crushed me, for I found not only spiritual problems but social problems as well. I was at a loss to know how to face the conditions that confronted me. How was I, a young man, to solve these problems? I began to preach the gospel and to lift up Jesus, the Great Reformer and Savior. I wish it were possible for the reader to see the great change that came over not only individuals, but whole villages. Lives were made over, drunkenness ceased, and one saloon keeper was converted and closed up the bar. Babies and mothers who hadn't had bread for days were fed. Dirty mud huts were scrubbed inside and whitewashed outside. Naked children were clothed. Lips that had cursed God now sang His praises. Diseases were checked; consequently the mortality rate decreased. In villages where fighting had been as

common as eating, peace and love now reigned.

After seeing this great transformation I said to some of the other missionaries and still repeat: "What the world needs is not peace treaties, leagues of nations, and disarmament, but Jesus, the Prince of Peace."

The war had increased the problems of the world. Yes, even the problems of the Jamaicans, ninety per cent of whom are black. The treatment of the Negro, prior to and during this war, has sent hatred for the white man through the veins of every black man. The Negro is awakening to his plight and is trying to do something about it. He wants equal rights in education and wealth. He is even trying to return to Africa to make for himself a nation. Should he do so, a racial war would be inevitable.

Let us not hold him down but encourage him. However, before we do anything else, get the gospel to him that hatred may be changed to love. May we help him to see that God has made of one blood all nations. May we show him that the first commandment is to love the Lord with all the heart, and that the second is to love thy neighbor as thyself. Our next step is to practice what we preach. Then with sincerity we can sing:

"Love Divine, all love excelling,
  Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
  All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
  Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
  Enter ev'ry trembling heart."

Wilbur Penny Jacks

The World's Proudest Profession

Never before in America's history have her young women had the opportunity to be of such great service to so many people. The Armed Forces alone are using a hundred thousand nurses, and student nurses have stepped in as an active reserve on the home front. The government is endeavoring to gain the needed cooperation of every girl who has taken the Nightingale Pledge for the enormous task of saving lives and preserving future happiness.

As the radio broadcasts the call for more trained nurses and the newspapers advertise the desperate necessity, I feel an indescribable urge in my innermost being to do something for the Nation's sick and wounded. I wish sincerely that my training were completed and I could respond to the call for girls--girls with warm hearts, wise hands, and cool heads. Oh, for the privilege of serving today--in Europe, in the Pacific, in Africa, in Alaska, or in a hospital here in the United States, ministering to those boys who are sacrificing their all.

I realize, however that my opportunity to serve will come in the reconstruction period of a post-war world. Already our Government hospitals are filled with veterans of this world conflict who need human understanding and care, and when I have mastered the nursing skill necessary for the rehabilitation work, other men will be replaoing the ones restored and sent home. I want to help in the rebuilding of the lives of those boys who are heroically faoing danger and possible death for the preservation of our liberties. Then, and only then, will I be convinced

that I am doing my part in accomplishing victory.

In addition to the care of our wounded, our nation will be confronted with nutritional and pyschiatric problems and the development of the public health program, both at home and in foreign countries. Experienced nurses will be needed, women who have initiative, resourcefulness, and a willingness to carry responsibility. Furthermore there will always be additional opportunities for nurses in civilian hospitals, doctors' offices, schools, industrial plants, and city clinics. A nurse is considered a priceless community asset in administering to human beings in need.

The challenge to make the world a happier one in which to live stirs my heart and spurs me on. I am persuaded that the rewards for studying and then serving will be spiritual as well as material, and will more than repay me for every effort made in preparing for this proud and wonderful profession.

Viola Eshleman

My Post-War Plans

How will we deal with Germany? Blueprint for peace. Problems of lasting peace. How to set the Rising Sun? Reducing the debt when war is over. These are some of the post-war topics being discussed everywhere today. We read and hear about our governing powers in Washington announcing their plans for the post-war world. They are going to punish Germany and Japan and make a lasting peace. But do they bring God into their plans? Do they pray to God for wisdom and knowledge, and ask His presence to be with them? No, definitely not. Apparently God has no place at the table of the post-war planners.

This condition of apostasy should challenge us Christians to bring God into our individual lives and make Him the Captain of our Salvation; at least we can permit Him to sit at the table of our own post-war plans for our individual lives.

If we will look back into history, we can appreciate the great heritage with which we are blessed. As there is a crisis in the life of an individual, just so there is a crisis in the life of a nation. Go back into the past and see how God raised up firebrands to preach His gospel at a time when the morality and spirituality was at low ebb. When the Catholic Church had deteriorated spiritually and the sacred offices of the church were held by those who could pay the most to secure them, Martin Luther came forth with the truth: "The just shall live by faith." God revealed Himself to Luther in order to preserve the gospel of salvation. Germany was moved mightily by the Reformation which also changed

the course of all Christendom. God raised up John Wesley to cry out against the sins of his day. A mighty revival broke out across England and brought the nation back to God. Fleming turned the tide in Scotland, and it is said, "The whole nation was converted by lump." During the Civil War in our own country when morals were low, godlessness reigned, bitterness and hatred were prevalent, God raised up Moody and Sankey to move not only America, but the world, toward God. There are countless other revivalists such as Whitefield, Billy Sunday, Gypsy Smith, Jonathan Edwards, Ira Sankey, and Peter Cartwright whom God ordained for the express purpose of bringing people back to God. In all of these crises it was either revival or revolution.

I feel that our country is at another crisis today. No one will doubt that our nation is in a chaotic condition. Immorality, divorces, excessive drinking, godlessness and iniquity in high places are preeminent today. Our boys, going through hell as it were, are giving their lives that we may enjoy our democracy and freedom of worship. Many of them are coming home with the expectation of finding their people closer to God. What an awful shock awaits them! What are we going to do about it? It will either be a revival across the nation or an internal revolution. I may say to myself that there is nothing I can do about it. But is that true? Can I shirk my responsibility that easily? I'm afraid not. God has definitely called me to preach His unsearchable riches. One may ask whether I think God will make a Wesley or a Moody out of me. No, I haven't any expectation such as that. But I know that God can make a Harold Parry out of me, and that is all that's expected. I've determined by God's grace and power that I'll do all He wants me to do.

I've not made any specific plans for my future and I don't know

what the years will unfold to me; but I have confidence in the leadings of God through His Holy Spirit. I can't fathom why God chose me to this great calling, but I want to carry out His will to the best that is in me. God has done so much for me, and He means so much to me today, that after He gave His best to redeem me, the least I can do in return is to pledge my eternal allegiance to Christ. No matter where He may send me or what He may want me to do, my heart is fixed. May His will be done.

Harold Parry

Teaching A Post-War Profession

Today as one chooses his future work, almost his first thought is how it will affect him in the post-war world.

Although I chose my future vocation--teaching--when I was a child and before I thought of a post-war world, I am now beginning to wonder how my life's work will be affected by the inevitable changes that lie ahead.

Let us consider a few ways in which teaching will affect and will be affected by the post-war world.

First, there will be a greater demand for more education. During this war, as in all other wars, many new discoveries and inventions are being made; consequently, the demand for more education increases. If good teachers are not available or are trained improperly, the need for instruction cannot be met. If we as future teachers fail, who will fill our places? No one can.

Then our men who have so bravely fought in order that we might continue in our preparation will want to complete their education. In all probability they will be diligent seekers of knowledge--one of the priceless possessions they are now fighting for.

In a world, changing and complex, an education is fast becoming an essential. If we Americans are unfamiliar with our history and our government, how will we be able adequately to serve in a democracy? How will we become intelligent voters if we don't study the problems of our community and our government? Questions concerning group conflict, race conflict, war, population, religion, disease, crime, and poverty are constantly facing the nation today. The problems are not going to become easier; instead, they are becoming more complex. As future teachers we must be prepared to teach students of the next generation about these problems and give helpful suggestions for solutions. But more than that, we must be able to awaken the coming generation and show them how to use their own gray matter to find their own solutions. We must teach them about their world and our democracy. "Man's awareness of his world is expressed in terms of what he gets from it." It is our duty to make these students aware of their world so that they will understand it and live in it as fully and as wisely as possible.

Teachers are needed in the post-war world to meet these demands

of learning about a changing world, and about its changing people with their complex problems to be solved. What a great responsibility lies upon the shoulders of teachers in a post-war world!

Mary Catherine Boggs

FEATURES

M Harbula

Our Log

September 11 - Arrived
12 - Registration Day (stood in line for hours)
Faculty Reception
13 - First revival - Rev. J. Woods
19 - First rhetoric theme - "Who I Am"
28 - Initiation (colors made eyes ache)
29 - Rush Day

October 10 - First club meeting
12 - Field Day
16 - Dr. Owen spoke in chapel on "Dining With the Arabs"
24 - Psychological Test
27 - Fall Party (met E. N. C.'s ten little Indians)
31 - Presidential campaign began (dynamic political speeches)

November 2 - Farewell service for Della Boggs
9 - Revival began with Rev. G. Phillips

December 1 - Alpha Program - "Songs of Stephen Foster"
8 - Gamma Society presented "Harmony of the Nations"
9 - Began slaving on first term paper (visited Quincy and Boston libraries for the first time)
11 - Girls' party featuring "Little Red School House"
18 - "The Messiah" presented at Symphony Hall
19 - Santa came to visit at the Christmas Party
20 - Homeward bound
21 - Ate and ate and ate; slept and slept and slept

January 2 - Trains finally ploughed through blizzard and landed us back at E. N. C. (some of us as much as three days late)
4 - Last Old Testament Survey class
6 - Working feverishly on research paper
10 - Professor Lunn read Brave Men in chapel
12 - Bible reading contest
17 - Oh! that history exam!
18 - All troubles and trials over (till next semester)
22 - Freshmen explored Boston
23 - Registration Day
24 - Back to rhetoric again
29 - Professor Lunn began lectures on "Prayer" at freshman prayermeeting

February 5 - Seniors presented pulpit and accessories for chapel
6 - Professor Cove spoke on "Backaches" in chapel
9 - Blizzard - Excused from classes to shovel snow
12 - First of Dr. Gould's lectures
16 - Beginning of revival with Dr. Gould
21 - Rhetoric class turned into a testimony service

March 5 - 200 greetings and letters sent to Della Boggs in Argentina
7 - Rev. Robertson tells of his difficulty in purchasing soap
23 - Spring Recess begins - Freshman chapel program

April 11 - Campus Day
27 - Missionary convention commences

May 1 - Junior-Senior Day
18 - Final examinations begin
26 to 28 - Alumni banquet; baccalaureate sermon; Class Day; commencement

Heard Over the Interphones

Violet Balwit. . . . . When I teach, this will be different.
Jane Bishop. . . . . Now, Mr. Calhoun.
Mary C. Boggs. . . . . After taking music as long as I have.
Paul Clark. . . . . These girls!
Luella Clemons . . . . . I can't get home tonight.
Grace Crutcher . . . . . Oh, Girl!
Gloria Dittrich. . . . . What could I use for a middle name?
Viola Eshleman . . . . . Cream Puff!
Norma Feiten . . . . . Oh, please!
Betty Hansrote . . . . . I know what you mean.
Grace Hawk . . . . . Why do I have to wear stockings?
Vivian Hess. . . . . My poor shattered nerves.
Grace Himmiger . . . . . Don't you know my pastor?
Barbara Hodges . . . . . You all.
Robert Lee Jones . . . . . You couldn't have gotten anything lower than I did!
Doris Lingford . . . . . We had the best time.
Eunice MacPherson. . . . . Honestly, I don't know what to do with my hair!
Charles Muxworthy. . . . . I have did it.
Jean Nesmith. . . . . You'll be big and strong if you eat this.
Betty Richey . . . . . Yes, that's my brother.
Dorothy Shedd. . . . . Have an apple.
Vera Simms . . . . . How do you conjugate that Greek verb, Bill?
Conard Stairs. . . . . I have permission.
Betty Stone. . . . . That's hunky!
Victor Storms. . . . . I'm so sleepy.
Eugene Terwilliger . . . . I don't mind two weeks' assignments, but two months!
Anna Trimbath. . . . . Will it ever stop snowing?
Mable Tustin . . . . . Who's in the bed?
Grace Umstead. . . . . More or less.
Irene Van Dressar. . . . . My word!

Freshman Girls In Sports

Are you looking for future letter-girls, future basketball stars and field day experts? I am sure you will find them in our college freshman class. And to prove my point:

Last October twelfth on field day there were freshmen girls among the winners in almost every contest. In the fifty-yard dash Ruth Howe was first and Ruth Graham third. In the high jump Grace Crutcher was first. In the broad jump Audrey Ward and May Cornell tied for first. In the basketball throw Crutcher was second, and in the 85-yard dash Elsie Dodd was second. Jean Dorothy ran for the winning Gamma team in the relay. Quite a record for a new and green group of freshman girls.

Basketball is a favorite activity of both boys and girls at E. N. C. during the winter months, and here again the freshmen are well represented. Of course, we'll admit we were defeated by the sophomore class--credit it to their superior years and experience--but in the freshman ranks were several promising future players. Jean Dorothy and Olive Church were forwards and Violet Balwit, Geneva Hutton, and Audrey Ward were guards. Then in society games we discover our freshman star, Ruth Howe, playing beautiful basketball with the Alpha six; also for the Alphas, forward Betty Hansrote proved to be a high scorer. The Betas and Gammas were well fortified with upperclass players, but our freshman girls were out for practices, and we will be seeing more of them in coming basketball seasons.

Freshman Boys In Sports

The freshman class of 1944-45 has made an important contribution to boys' sports.

The three outstanding all-round athletes are Bob Jessel, Harold Parry, and John "Bullet" Scott.

Those who supported their societies on the football field are Scott with 24 points, Parry with 18 points, Terwilliger with 6 points, Parry with 18 points, Terwilliger with 6 points, Clark with 6 points, Dominguez, and Abersold.

John Scott made the first "all-star" team and Parry, Dominguez , and Terwilliger made the second.

Society basketball players are Parry, 75 points; Scott, 64 points; Jessel, 60 points; Clark, 32 points; Terwilliger, 13 points; Abersold, 11 points; Reed, 2 points; Dominguez, and Hathaway. Bob Jessel and Harold Parry are on the first all-star team, and John Scott and Bill Abersold are on the second.

Field Day participants are as follows:

Scott--2nd 50-yard dash; 2nd 100-yard dash;
winner stunt relay, broad jump, relay.

Reed--2nd half mile.

Carnahan--relay.

These boys have represented the freshman class very well in the athletic activities of the school.

Looking Ahead We See

James Benton. . . . . .Lecturing to little Amazons.
Laura Jane Boyd . . . . . .Laboratory Technologist at University of Southern California.
Luke Brinker. . . . . .Chief cook and bottle washer at Hotel Statler.
Roy Carnahan. . . . . .Addressing us at a reunion dinner.
Peggy Christensen . . . . . .Directing a fire drill.
Olive Church. . . . . .Minister's wife.
Esther Colby. . . . . .Mathematics teacher who tutors rhetoric.
Sara Cooper . . . . . .Cook to Senator MacIntosh from Alaska.
May Cornell.. . . . . .Running E. N. C. Dugout.
Betty Jo Dickson. . . . . .Interpreter in a French Embassy.
Jean Dorothy. . . . . .E. N. C. school doctor.
Norma Feiten. . . . . .Still taking review Math.
Dale Galbraith. . . . . .Fuller brush man.
Elaine Hall . . . . . .Missionary nurse to Nova Scotia.
Laverne Ham . . . . . .Happily married on a farm.
Betty Hansrote. . . . . .Airplane stewardess.
Daniel Hazelton . . . . . .Pastor at Wilmington, New York.
Geneva Hutton . . . . . .Assistant history professor.
Barbara Lahue . . . . . .Doctor's wife in Rhode Island.
Anna McElhenny. . . . . .Columnist--advice to the lovelorn.
Charles Muxworthy . . . . . .Preaching to the Eskimos.
Harold Parry. . . . . .Young People's President of the Washington-Philadelphia District.
Luther Pennington . . . . . .Medical missionary to China.
Wilbur Pennypacker. . . . . .Back in Jamaica.
Donald Reed . . . . . .Running from a tiger.
Betty Richey. . . . . .Planning bigger and better meals for E. N. C.
Cuba Roberts. . . . . .A stenographer in Australia.
Louise Teague . . . . . .Teaching music in Paris.
Delores Traverse. . . . . .Physical Education teacher at E. N. C.
Marion Turkington . . . . . .Photographer for National Geographic.
Alma Washburn . . . . . .Radio singer.

Passenger List

David Aldridge
Esther Anderson
Violet Balwit
James Benton
Jane Bishop
Mary Catherine Boggs
Laura Jane Boyd
Luke Brinker
Barbara Brooks
Joyce Brooks
Roy Carnahan
Peggy Christensen
Olive Church
Paul Clark
Luella Clemons
Jean Cline
Esther Colby
Sara Cooper
May Cornell
Grace Crutcher
Lucille Deans
Margaret Dickinson
Betty Jo Dickson
Gloria Dittrich
Frank Dominguez
Jean Dorothy
Viola Eshleman
Norma Feiten
Dale Galbraith
John Goresh
Betty Gracey
Elaine Hall
Laverne Ham
Betty Hansrote
Margaret Harbula
Priscilla Harvey
Grace Hawk
Catherine Haylett
Lois Haylett
Daniel Hazelton
Vivian Hess
Opal Hickerson
Grace Himmeger
Barbara Hodges
Betty Hopkins
Ruth Howe
Geneva Hutton
Betty Johnston
Robert Jones
Sylvia Jordick
Marjorie Kline
Anna Mae Keffer
Barbara Lahue
Ruth Leonard
Doris Lingford
Anna McElhenny
Pearl McKenney
Eunice MacPherson
Walter MacPherson
Cedric Manley
Myrtle Mason
Mary Melnick
Lawrence Moore
Charles Muxworthy
Jean Nesmith
Helen Newton
Martha Park
Harold Parry
Ruth Patton
Luther Pennington
Wilbur Pennypacker
Elva Petitt
Erman Rearick
Donald Reed
Betty Richey
Cuba Roberts
John Scott
John D. Scott
Dorothy Shedd
Vera Simms
Estella Sprow
Conrad Stairs
Helen Steiner
Betty Stone
Victor Storms
Louise Teague
Eugene Terwilliger
Olga Mae Thomas
Delores Traverse
Anna Trimbath
Marion Turkington
Mable Tustin
Grace Umstead
Irene VanDressar
Alma Washburn
Ruth Wilson
Florence Wright

RECONNAISSANCE

MOST ALL AROUND

Barbara Hodges
Harold Parry

MOST MUSICAL

Grace Umstead
Roy Carnahan

NEATEST

Barbara Lahue
Conard Stairs

BEST ATHLETES

Ruth Howe
John Scott

BEST SCHOLARS

Violet Balwit
Lawrence Moore

WITTIEST

Betty Stone
Frank Domingues

MOST INDIVIDUALISTIC

Grace Crutcher
John Goresh

HARDEST WORKING

Geneva Hutton
Donald Reed

Feb. 9, 1945

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